



# CHINA MAIL



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SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1954.

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## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### Reassurance

PRESIDENT Eisenhower's latest foreign policy speech can be expected to give much needed encouragement to the free world. Among other things it removes misgivings created in the West and elsewhere by some of the recent public utterances of Mr Foster Dulles and a number of prominent congressmen. The important aspect of the President's declaration is that it represents a long-term view, and the policy enunciated, therefore, is no expedient. While it is a policy which provides for the present, it also projects itself into the future. It is as spacious as it is realistic. Many will see in it a reflection of the late President Roosevelt's power of vision and grasp of essentials. The apprehension that has recently been generated in the minds of the free peoples of the world is that the United States is preparing to abandon its policies of nurturing the economically backward countries and to loosen ties in other directions with its traditional allies. This, of course, may still happen if congressional reaction to Mr Eisenhower's pleas is hostile. But at least the world now knows where the President stands so far as foreign policy is concerned, and the assurance is given that if he is supported by Congress, that policy, with its provisions for "strength to defeat rash aggression," a freer system of world trade, and continued economic assistance to the free countries needing it to keep Communism at bay, will be implemented in the fullness of time. Certainly in the English-speaking world Mr Eisenhower's declaration will be received with the keenest appreciation. It accords with the foreign policies of the Imperial Government and the rest of the Commonwealth. In particular is welcomed the President's statement: "We must strive constantly with our friends for a freer system of world trade and investment, for strengthened trade agreement legislation, for simpler rules and regulations under which trade can be carried on." This has been the British Government's plan for the last four or five years, and backed by the strength of Mr Eisenhower's guidance and advocacy, hopes are stronger than ever before that it will finally be realised.

## French Govt's Fate Decision Today DAY-LONG TALKS TO AVERT CRISIS President Confers With Key Politicians

Paris, June 12. M. Rene Coty, the French President, conferred with key politicians yesterday in an attempt to avert a political crisis.

With M. Joseph Laniel's 11-month-old Government facing almost inevitable defeat in today's (Saturday's) vote of confidence on Indo-China, the President saw M. Edouard Herriot, Radical elder statesman, and General Pierre Koenig and M. Jacques Chaban Delmas, the Gaullist leaders.

Radical and Gaullist Deputies will decide the outcome of the vote. He also received M. Lanier, M. Paul Reynaud, the Deputy Premier, and M. Frederic Dupont, the Indo-China Minister.

## Korea Conference Failure In Sight

Geneva, June 11.

Britain told the 19 nations at the Korea conference here today that they would have to admit they could not complete their task if they failed to solve the deadlock over free elections and United Nations authority.

For the second time in two days, Mr Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, urged the conference to face up to realities or admit failure. He issued a similar warning yesterday to the nine-nation Indo-China peace talks.

Canada, New Zealand, France, Belgium and Thailand supported the British stand in upholding the United Nations as a world authority.

But China and North Korea maintained their outright refusal to consider any United Nations supervision of all-Korean elections.

The next meeting on Korea in the case of the Indo-China talks—will be fixed by consultation between the conference chairmen.

Mr Chou En-lai, Chinese Prime Minister, accused the United States of trying to create a still more unstable situation in Korea and to prevent any possible armistice in Indo-China.

Today's plenary session was the first on Korea for six days and the 14th since the conference began nearly seven weeks ago.

### WORLD OPINION

Mr Chou said China believed that world opinion would not allow America to "walk out of the Geneva conference" in response to the "clamouring of the Syngman Rhee clique."

He urged the conference to adopt a five-point Soviet proposal as a basis of further dis-

cussion "since we have obtained concurrence, or come close to concurrence, on not a few points."

The five points put to the conference last Saturday by Mr Vyacheslav Molotov, Soviet Foreign Minister who presided today, cover all-Korean elections within six months, the setting up of an electoral commission by both Korean Parliaments, withdrawal of all foreign troops, an international supervisory commission and guarantees.

The Communists want the international commission to be on the model of that supervising the Korean armistice which has Polish, Czech, Swiss and Swedish members.

Mr Eden said the Communists' proposals were incompatible with United Nations principles. He saw "no prospects of agreement" here on the all-Korean commission in which the Communist North Korean minority would have a veto.

Britain was ready to explore every means of reaching agreement, but there must be some sign that agreement was possible. If the conference had to admit failure, that fact should be reported to the United Nations.

Tids would ensure that while the existing armistice remained in force, the search for a political settlement "could be resumed whenever the right moment came."

Mr Eden rejected Mr Chou's assertions that the Geneva conference had nothing to do with the United Nations. He recalled that the United Nations had successfully defended the victims of aggression in Korea. Since the conclusion of an armistice under its authority, it was "more closely concerned than ever" with a peaceful solution of the Korean question.—Reuter.

## SHELL IS 72 MILLION MILES AHEAD

Only after 72 million miles of road tests, using every type of engine, was I.C.A. (Ignition Control Additive) put on the market. The unique properties of Shell Gasoline with I.C.A. result in smoother running, more power and longer spark plug life. Try it and see!



## Reward For Skill & Ingenuity



Above are the faces of the gold medals which the Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels, Ltd., won at the Swiss food fair.

## HK Wins 2 Gold Medals At Swiss Food Fair

### UNIQUE SUCCESS FOR HK & SHANGHAI HOTELS, LTD

Two gold medals with honours have been awarded to the Hongkong and Shanghai Hotels Ltd., for exhibits of Chinese food and display of a Chinese dinner set at the world-famous "Hospes" fair at Berne, Switzerland.

This was announced yesterday by the Secretary of the Company, Mr A. Sommerfelt.

The exhibition of food, under the supervision of the manager of the Peninsula Hotel, Mr Leo Gaddi at present on leave in Switzerland, was awarded 39 out of a possible 40 points after an international jury of gourmets from Switzerland, France, Canada, Austria, Germany and Yugoslavia tasted the shark fin soup, sweet and sour pork and bamboo shoots.

All the jury were expert judges of Chinese foods.

The second gold medal with honours was for a Chinese dinner set of Kwangsi porcelain for a party of 12, each piece bearing the Chinese characters, Man Sa Mo Geung which means "Life Without End". Mr Gaddi displayed this in the traditional fashion on a round table. Crowds admired the exhibit.

Considering that all the food exhibited at the "Hospes" Fair was tinned and then flown to Switzerland by BOAC, the gold medal was a great credit to the two men who prepared the Chinese dishes.

They were the Peninsula Hotel's chef, Mr Max Moemann and Mr Tsui Tim, the Hotel's caterer.

Mr Sommerfelt told the China Mail yesterday: "The two men got their heads together and experimented for months with that food before they were satisfied that the correct standard had been reached. Mr Moemann, who was trained at Home, had apparently learned how to tin foods during his chef's training.

Before the Senate session, he strode into the current Army-McCarthy hearing to tell Senator McCarthy of his impending attack.

"I don't have enough interest in any Flanders speech to listen to it," Senator McCarthy commented.—Reuter.

**Military Talks End**

Washington, June 12. The five-power military conference on Southeast Asia ended last night with an announcement that the high ranking officers of the United States, Britain, France, Australia and New Zealand would transmit their conclusions to their governments.

The military representatives, who have been meeting in secret since June 3, made no disclosures as to what their conclusions were.

A Defence Department announcement merely noted that they had "completed their discussions."

"Their conclusions will be transmitted to their respective governments," it added.—Reuter.

In old Carolina

Some time ago now the Governor of South Carolina was endeavouring to recover a runaway slave from the Governor of North Carolina. The slave, however, was protected by powerful friends and negotiations could not have gone slower in Moscow.

At a banquet given by the Governor of North Carolina the Governor of South Carolina made a speech demanding the return of the slave and ending with: "What do you say?" It was then that the Governor of North Carolina made his historic reply:

"It's a long time between drinks."

The longer it is between drinks the more miraculous is Rose's Lime Juice. The pure juice of Nature's most thirst-quenching fruit sweetened with fine cane sugar, tangy, tart and cold with ice cubes in a tall glass—drink it down and as your tongue ceases to resemble a cinder say "Aah—another large bottle of Lime Juice please."

**ROSE'S Lime juice**  
MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

**FLY PAL TO BANGKOK**  
Weekly flights every Wednesday.  
Flights leaving Hong Kong every Wednesday at 12 noon, arrive in Bangkok at 4 p.m. (local time)  
See your travel agents or:  
**PAL PHILIPPINE AIRLINES**

**SHELL IS 72 MILLION MILES AHEAD**

Only after 72 million miles of road tests, using every type of engine, was I.C.A. (Ignition Control Additive) put on the market. The unique properties of Shell Gasoline with I.C.A. result in smoother running, more power and longer spark plug life. Try it and see!

**SHELL WITH I.C.A.**

IGNITION CONTROL ADDITIVE

British Patent Registered

## KING'S PRINCESS EMPIRE

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M. AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 and 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

Sheer Experience

Pure Instinct!

...as females clash for their man!



starring  
GINGER ROGERS - WILLIAM HOLDEN  
PAUL DOUGLAS with JAMES GLEASON  
PAT CROWLEY

Produced by PAUL DEGEN. Directed by HENRY HARRIS.  
Written by JULIUS LIPSON and PHILIP LIPSON.  
Suggested by J. M. Barrie. Story by Richard A. Peck. A Paramount Picture.

SUNDAY MORNING KING'S 11.30 A.M.  
20th Century-Fox Presents

Gregory Peck as "THE GUNFIGHTER"  
At Reduced Admissions: \$1.00 & \$1.50

## PRINCESS TO-MORROW

## EXTRA MORNING SHOWS

AT 11.00 A.M.

RKO-DISNEY PRESENT  
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
VARIETY PROGRAMME

AT REDUCED PRICES

AT 12.20 P.M.

A SUPER INDIAN FILM  
"DHOOP CHHAON"  
Starring  
SHYAMA, BHARAT BHOOSHAN, ACHA

AT REGULAR PRICES

## EMPIRE TO-MORROW

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW AT 12.00 NOON

Warner Brothers Presents  
"CAPTAIN HORATIO HORNBLOWER"

Starring GREGORY PECK and VIRGINIA MAYO  
COLOUR BY TECHNICOLOR

Admission: \$1.00 and 70 Cts.

SHOWING MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20,  
TO-DAY 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.  
AIR CONDITIONED.

ON OUR NEW GIANT WIDE SCREEN!



JOHN GARFIELD PATRICIA NEAL  
WARNER BROS. THE BREAKING POINT  
Also, Latent 20th Century Fox Movietone News  
TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW AT 12.30 P.M.  
3 STOOGES COMEDIES

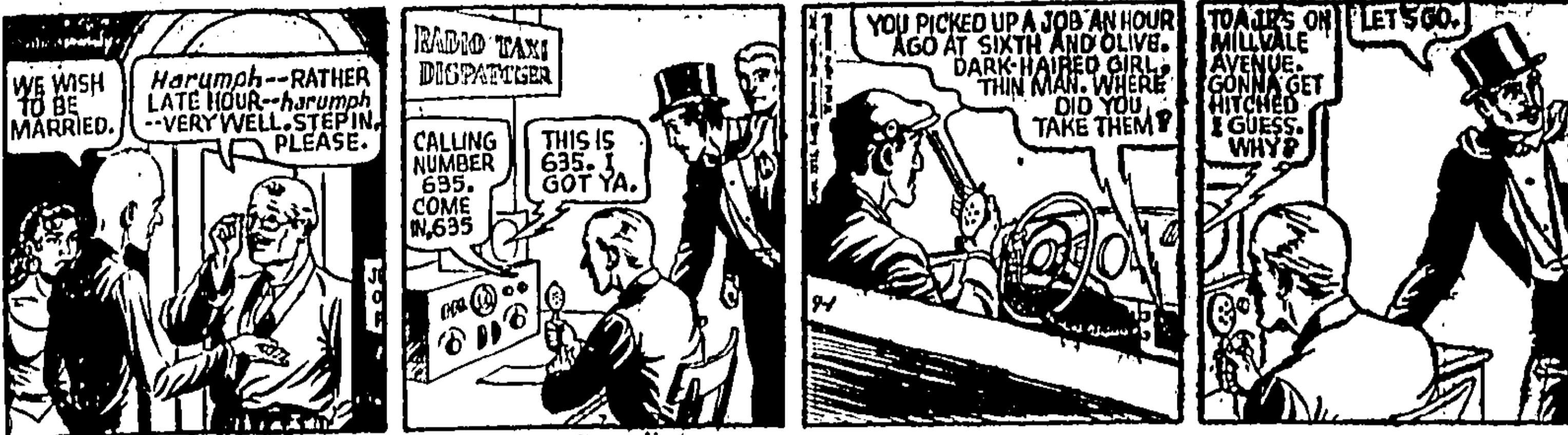
At Reduced Prices: \$1.20, 70 Cts. & 40 Cts.

HELD OVER FOR  
ANOTHER DAY  
To-Day only: 2.30-  
5.30-7.30 & 9.30

CINEMASCOPE  
LAST SUPERIOR THEATRE  
Beneath the Nile Roof  
20th Century-Fox

To-Morrow: "AMBUSH AT TOMAHAWK CAP"  
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30  
AT REDUCED ADMISSION PRICES —  
A New Programme of Technicolor Cartoons

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The big event of the week has been William Holden's visit to Hongkong while two of his pictures have been on—"ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" at the CAPITOL and LIBERTY and "FOREVER FEMALE" at the EMPIRE, KING'S and PRINCESS. I understand that the next film celebrity to arrive will be Danny Kaye, towards the end of the month.

Unfortunately "KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE", which was to have followed "ESCAPE FROM FORT BRAVO" into the CAPITOL and LIBERTY, has had to be postponed for the same reason as "THE COMMAND".

"I don't think they were so

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among the almost unanimous praise it has drawn—is that the incidents in the lives of the four students are a little too unrelated.

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## Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

# Comic Strip Raises Farmers' Ire

Love of animals established an Australian artist as one of this country's top comic strip creator whose work has won the praise of education authorities.

This same strong love for animals also brought Nan Fullarton numerous vehement protests from farmers, who objected to her strip advocating the suspension of the virus killer myxomatosis in Australia's war against rabbits.

World known scientist professor Julian Huxley, during a visit here, was drawn to comment, "most peculiar thing I saw in Australia was a comic strip which had a rabbit recovering from myxomatosis as its hero."

Rabbits are the great grey pests of Australia, causing yearly damage estimated at 10 million for every one of the country's one million population.

A country woman, myself, I appreciate the scourge that is due to our Australian rabbits, but surely our scientists have a more humane method of extermination than by myxomatosis," said Miss Fullarton, wife in private life is Mrs. P. Denby, mother of 14-year-old daughter Christine.

One does not need to be a naturalist to be shocked at the frightening torture that myxomatosis virus produces.

"For this reason I contend to the wholehearted admiration of our rabbits, who, with their worthiness, are evolving a generation immune to myxomatosis. And for the same reason I decided to inaugurate a one-woman campaign against myxomatosis through my 'Frisky' strip."

Frisky, in the name of the rabbit which Mrs. Fullarton has made the central character in her weekly strip. In the definitely drawn series, Frisky contracted myxomatosis, but with the help of his friends, the constant care of his mother, and an anti-toxin injection, he survived.

## CHERISHED HOPE

Miss Fullarton admitted the farmers' protests, but claimed, "My other readers—such as many adults as children—seem to have followed the course of his life with anxiety, and finally relief."

"I cherish the hope that a future generation of Australian farmers brought up on 'Frisky' will ban the use of myxomatosis entirely," she said. "Of course, failing in this humane alternative, the rabbit could eventually take over the country and Australia could be lost to the Empire."

About Frisky's creation and life, Mrs. Fullarton says:

"It was as the mother of a young child that I first conceived the idea of a comic strip which could avoid unwholesome sensationalism and yet be exciting enough to hold the interest of children and, at the same time, contain a certain educational value."

"Originally 'Frisky' the rabbit was to be merely an ubiquitous little character used as a medium through which the other animals were to be introduced. Soon I found, however, that 'Frisky' had taken complete charge of the strip and had developed such a definite personality that I was forced to accept him as the central character and to allow the other animals to take a secondary place."

"He's a sturdy, kindly, little person full of initiative and resource, utterly reliable in a crisis (and Goodness knows there are plenty!) and quite extraordinarily brave."

## VERY FULL LIFE

Miss Fullarton's Frisky has led a very full life these last five years. His journeys include a trip to the Antarctic on the back of a seal, sailing nearly the full length of the 1,200-mile Murray River, as well as many

## Experiment In House Building

Khartoum, Sudan.

The Carlton Block Project, South African inventors who have compassed earth into a new building blocks is being tried out by the Sudanese Government with a view to stepping up the country's lagging house programme.

The blocks, which contain only nine per cent cement, are being used in this house-building experiment at Omdurman.

The project is a relatively small, but rather ambitious.

The 24 houses, designed by the Sudanese Public Works Department and being built from the earth blocks, will have two rooms, each 15 feet by 12 feet, a third room 15 feet by nine feet six inches, a kitchen, shower bath and a triple-sept tank latrine.

The total cost of each house is expected to cost about £120 dollars, about \$60 dollars less than the nearest tender for a contractor.

The Sudanese Government had found it necessary to find means to provide adequate, but cheaply-built homes to keep their housing programme ahead of the steady drift of people from country areas to the towns.

## AN IMPASSE

In this vast country of scattered communities, struggling against the natural poverty of a land, many parts of which are desert or swamp, the ramifications of any building programme pose simple questions and costs have joined each other towards an impasse which only the government's intervention can help to overcome.

Manufacturers of the Carlton Block Press claimed that their machine would double Sudan's building rate and reduce costs.

A number of the Presses, manufactured in the Kimberley factory of the South African engineer of Swedish origin who invented the machine, J. B. Carlstein, had been successfully in South Africa for about three years.

The Press is of simple design and the motivating power is compressed air. The daily seven-hour output of a Sudanese operator averages 800 blocks. An automatic re-loading system enables the machine to maintain continual production.

Daily reports on the work at the Omdurman site say the rapid erection of homes has supported the purely statistical evidence of the machine's advantages.—United Press.

## CATS WON'T RAT

Montevideo, Uruguay.

In this mountain town, east of Naples, the cats of the town have rallied. They have become so accustomed to fun-and-games with the local mice that they won't fight any more. The townfolk have appealed to the Mayor to toss the whole kit and kaboodle out of town.—United Press.

## LEE GREAT WORLD

DAILY AT 2.30,  
5.30, 7.30 &  
9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

You saw and liked GENEVIEVE  
Be sure not to miss its successor by the same team

DIRK BOGDAN - MURIEL PAVLOW - KENNETH MORE  
DONALD SINDEN  
**DOCTOR in the HOUSE**  
KENDALL - JUSTICE - HOUSTON  
TECHNICOLOR

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW  
LEE THEATRE

at 12.00 Noon  
Paramount presents  
**TECHNICOLOR  
CARTOONS**

At Reduced Prices!

## SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"Now that I got these drums for my birthday, you and Mom will have to learn to play something so I can keep time!"

## The Library Of One Million Volumes

Geneva.

More than 1,000,000 volumes of musty bound parchments and finely-printed, state-sealed papers are housed in the marble Palace of Nations to tell the story of 100 years of man's struggle to preserve peace and freedom.

This is the library of the European office of the United Nations in Geneva, a city that saw rise and fall of the League of Nations and which today watches the efforts of the world's most prominent diplomats thrash out the bloody problems of the war-ravaged lands of Korea and Indo-China.

The library was built with funds given by American millionaire-philanthropist John D. Rockefeller. It occupies an entire wing of the giant 7,000,000-dollar palace structure, with its 10 storeys of methodically classified books.

The main entrance of the library faces the blue-green waters of Lake Leman which reaches out in a view of unparalleled beauty with the snow-topped peaks of Mont Blanc rising in the distance.

On the ground floor are the offices of the library staff, committee rooms and rooms for studying manuscripts, the photo-station library and the newspaper store room.

From the entrance hall two large flights of stairs lead to the first floor. Here are situated the enquiry office, the catalogues and the rooms. Al Fresco by the Norwegian painter Sorenson covers the entire wall.

There are files containing more than 3,000 letters from men who have, in one year or another, paved the way for the League of Nations.

Through their pages the voices are heard again of Emile Zola, Leo Tolstoy, Alfred Nobel, Theodore Herzl and Henri Dunant.—United Press.

## Students To Have Own Mine

Brisbane.

Students at the School of Mining Engineering, University of Queensland, have their own mine to work in.

Future engineers and metallurgists learn the practical side of their work at an abandoned silver, lead and zinc mine, the Indooroopilly, bought by the School of Mining in 1951.

Bit by bit, the mine has been re-conditioned by succeeding classes of students, who have opened up two shafts, two main levels (openings or passages), an open-cut area, and a half a mile of underground workings.

The old Indooroopilly is being used as an underground laboratory for mining surveying, applied geology, ventilation and dust surveys, sampling and computation of ore reserves.

The University's Chair of Mining was established in March, 1950.—United Press.

## A Social Precedent

Johannesburg.

For the first time coloured (half-caste) debutantes are to be presented to the Mayor and Mayoress of Cape Town, Mr and Mrs A. F. Keen, in July.

Position in the "social register" will have no bearing on the selection of girls to be presented. The "playgirl" will have no place at the "coming out ball."

Participation in social welfare, educational, cultural or sports work will be the deciding factor.

Sixty-five girls between the ages of 18 and 28 will be selected. Many will make their courtesies wearing dresses made by themselves.—United Press.

## MILES OF SHELVES

More than 25½ miles of dull, bronze-metal shelves run their zig-zag way through the rooms which hold the carefully stacked and numbered documents.

The Chief Librarian will show at random the "collection of ancient Russian law from 1649 onwards"—in 171 volumes. The only known complete copy, or the laws of tiny republic of San Marino, Liberia or the Vatican City.

The library contains all the documents of the League of Nations as well as on the various attempts to set up associations

## A GRATEFUL PILGRIM

Rome.

The last pilgrim of the 1950 Roman Catholic Holy Year is still going strong. He's Giuseppe Consolo, 48, a tax assessor of Putignano, near Bari, who walked 10 days to St Peter's in Rome four years ago to pray for the cure of his paralysed wife, Caterina. He returned to find his wife improved and for four years now has been walking to every church in Italy to express thanks. He has worn out 35 pairs of shoes and has about 500 miles to go.—United Press.

## Stiff German Competition

Leopoldville, Belgian Congo.

German businessmen are cutting into British business and even threatening some US firms in this highly-competitive Central African market, a survey showed.

Trade officials here said that in their hungry search for postwar markets, the Germans were eating into this area by means of "generous credits, prompt delivery, good after-sale service and a general approach that nothing is too much trouble to win customers."

Starting with practically no business here after World War II, German exporters nosed ahead of the Union of South Africa and France during the past four years to take fourth place in this rapidly-expanding market. Belgium herself rides first in the import business here, with United States a healthy second and Britain definitely third.

Latest official figures on the values of imports to the Belgian Congo and the attached territory of Ruanda-Urundi for 1953 showed the following (In Belgian francs):

From Belgium — 6,034,375,040; USA — 4,177,050,558; Britain — 1,262,475,471; Germany — 800,496,737; France — 612,571,011; Union of South Africa — 000,507,021. Total imports were valued at 18,000,370,405 francs for the year.

Authorities here said the Germans had made particular headway in selling motor vehicles, food products, machinery, tools, chemical and electrical goods and precision instruments. The German prices have been attractive—electrical equipment sometimes 15 to 20 per cent cheaper than the similar American products.

"One of the most important things," a customer of a big German firm explained, "is that the Germans take the trouble to tailor their products for this specific market. The British don't always do this."

Although imports into this West Central African trade centre must be made with permits, the permits have been freely available for most products in the past few years. Although there are less than 80,000 Europeans here, the expanding native market numbers 12,000,000.—United Press.

## AGNES M. BLACK

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*Red Skelton*

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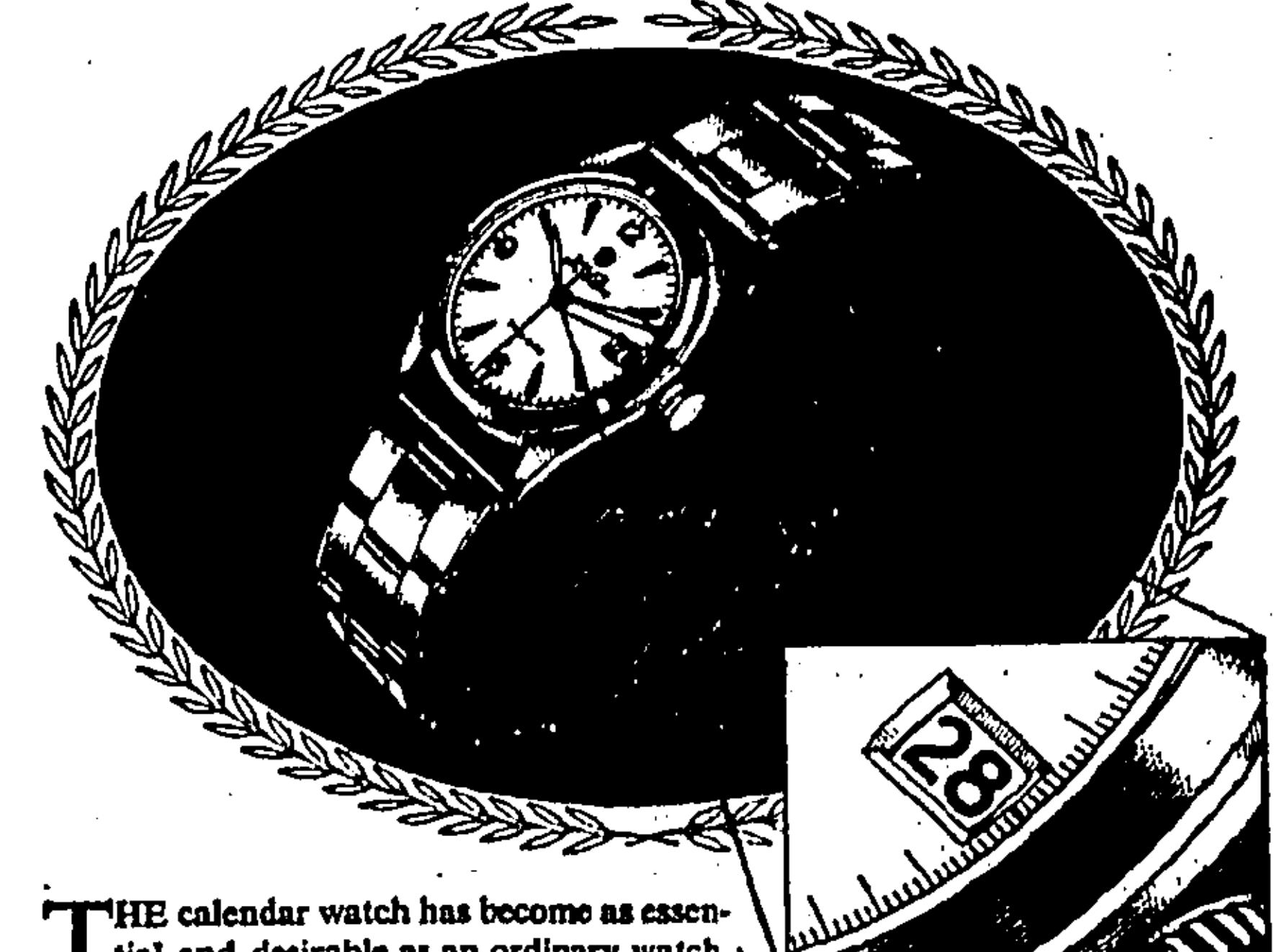
HE'S HILARIOUS IN THIS HOME-SWEET-HOME RIOT!  
**RED SKELETON**  
"Half A Hero"  
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THE calendar watch has become as essential and desirable as an ordinary watch, but hitherto it has not been too practical a proposition—owing to its expense. Now, however, there is the Rolex Oysterdate—a magnificent watch that tells the time and the date, and which you can afford.

Incorporated in this superb watch are many famous Rolex features; the intricate movement is perfectly guarded from dust, damp, and perspiration by the unique Oyster case and "Twinlock" Safety Crown, which keep it waterproof even when the stem is pulled out for hand-setting; the seconds are counted off by a graceful, sweep second-hand; the date is clearly shown, automatically, in a neat window on the dial; and, of course, the movement itself is beautifully built by Rolex craftsmen, ensuring the accuracy for which every Rolex watch is justly famous.

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# NEWS FROM HOME

(in pictures)



**RIGHT:** Johnny Longden, top American jockey, who rode the Irish horse, Blue Sail, in the recent Derby at Epsom. He finished tenth, but said he had a good ride. Longden rode in the American style, with short stirrups. He has ridden more than 4,400 winners. (Express).



THE Duchess of Kent and her daughter, the 17-year-old Princess Alexandra, snapped at the Chelsea Flower Show. They are seen by the giant marquee, which covered nearly 3½ acres, and which was packed with exhibits of massed flowers and vegetables. (Express).



TWO girls, dressed as crusaders, wheel in a giant cake for Lord Beaverbrook to cut at the luncheon in London honouring his 75th birthday. The party was given by the staff of Lord Beaverbrook's newspapers. (Express).



**PRINCESS MARGARET** inspecting the Officer Cadets at the Eaton Hall Officer Cadet School passing out parade recently. On extreme left is Senior Under Officer R. W. Horrell (The Devonshire Regiment), to whom the Princess awarded the Sam Browne belt of merit. (Army News).



THE QUEEN and other members of the Royal Family were guests at the wedding of Viscount Althorp, 30, son of Lord Spencer, and Miss Frances Roche, 18-year-old daughter of Lord and Lady Fermay. The newlyweds are seen leaving Westminster Abbey, where the ceremony was held. (Reuterphoto).



BALLET dancers went to the National Film Theatre in London last week to see the only existing film of Pavlova dancing. The film was made in 1924. Toasting Madame Rambert at a party after the film are (second from left to right) Alicia Markova, Beryl Grey and Violetta Elvin. (Express).



LONDONERS ponder over one of a brain-teasing collection of sculptures at the 1954 International Outdoor Sculpture Exhibition in Holland Park, Kensington. This is entitled "Seated Man," by 23-year-old Elisabeth Frink, of London. (Express).



THE American Evangelist, Billy Graham, (right) and his wife are shaking hands with Mr and Mrs Douglas Fairbanks at a farewell dinner at the Dorchester in London which marked the close of Mr Graham's three-month-long "Greater London Crusade." (Express).

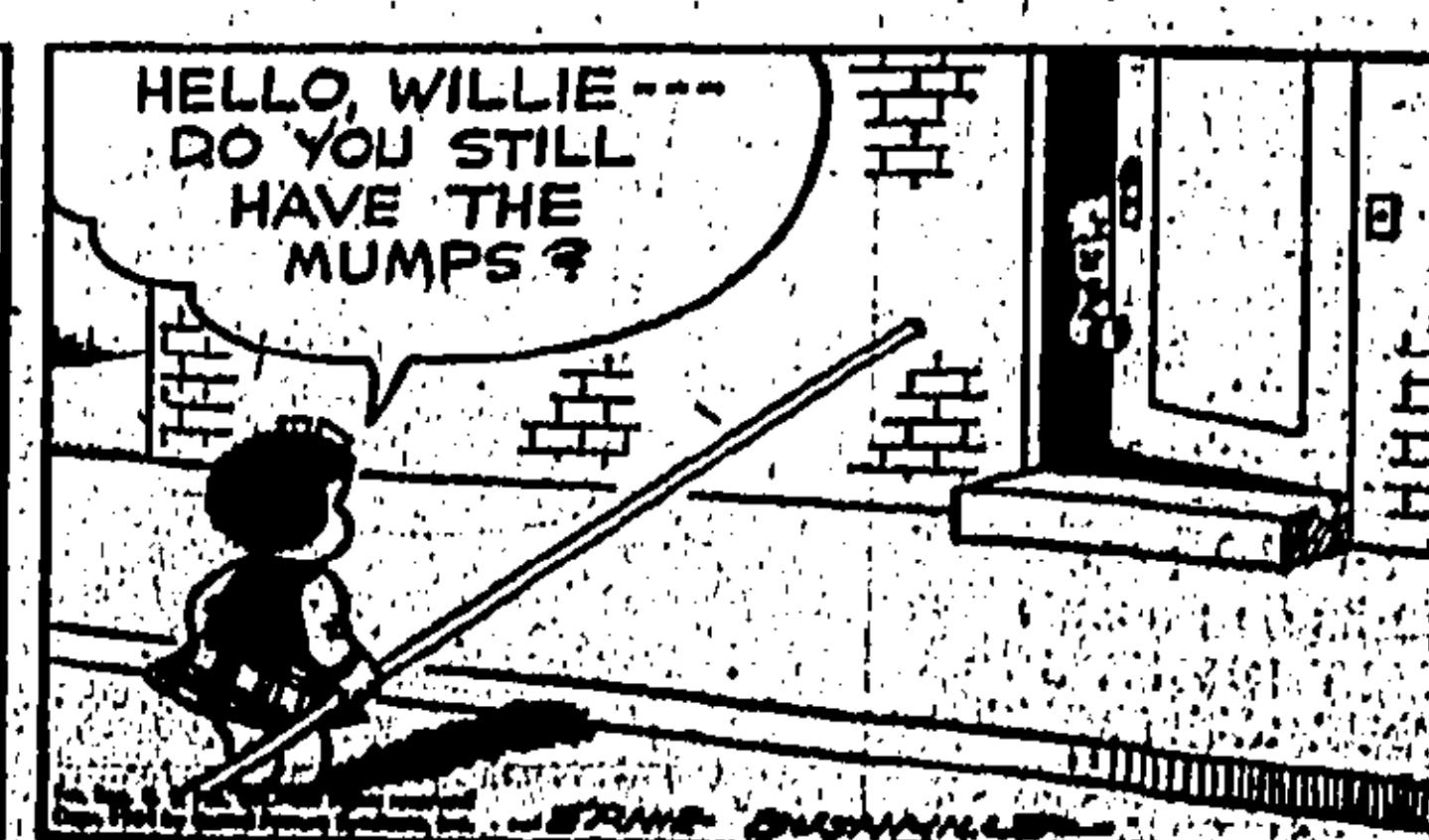
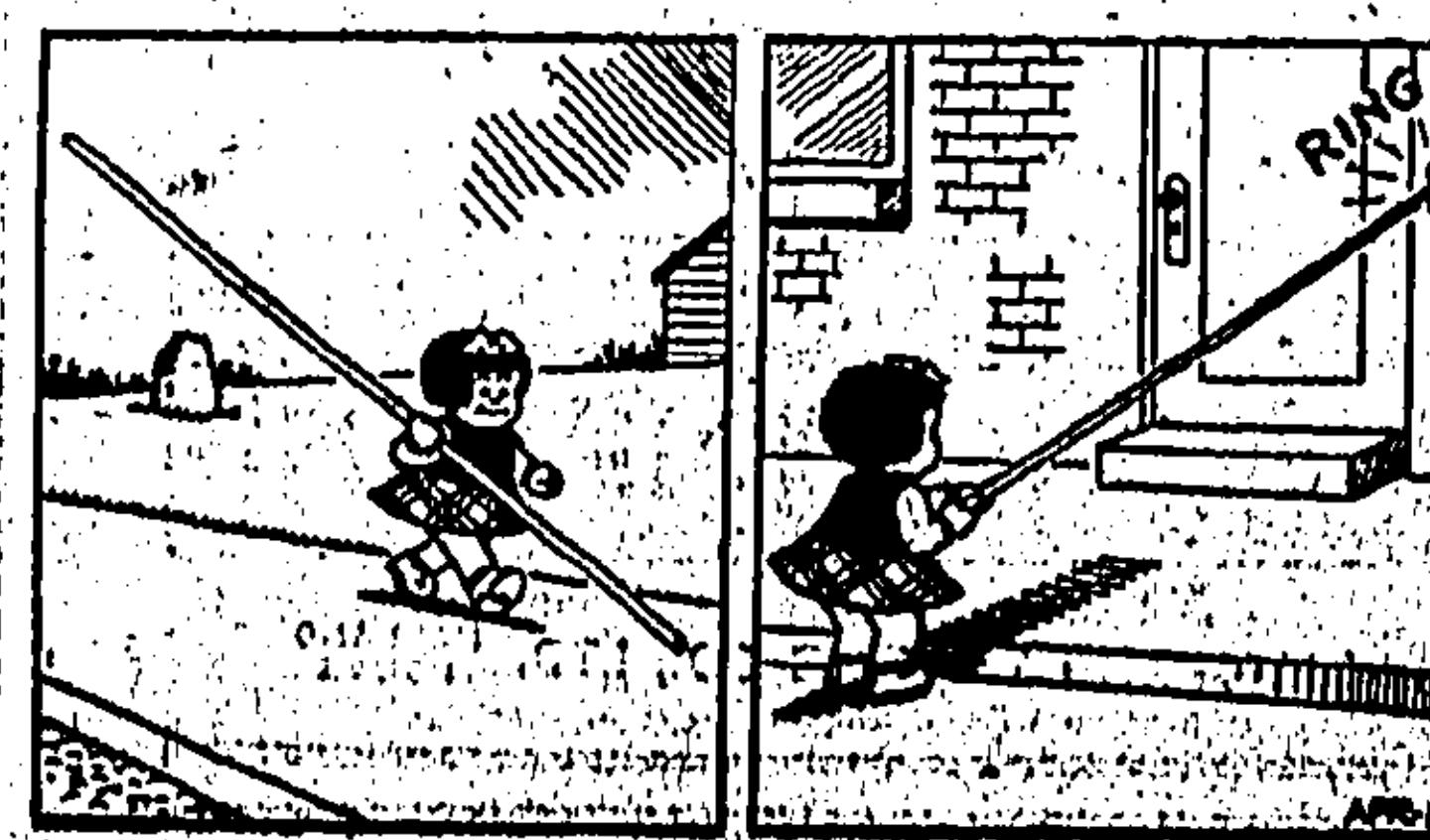


THE Duke of Windsor pictured at Victoria Station, London, when he travelled from Paris recently to attend to "personal business." The Duke, who was carrying a bright green velvet hat, was met by the Earl of Dudley, with whom he stayed at King's Langley, Hertfordshire. (Express).



THE race for sports cars which opened the international motor racing meeting, the first to be held on the new Aintree circuit. The track runs most of the way alongside the Grand National course, some of the jumps of which can be seen on the right of the picture.

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

**DAIRY BOX**  
MILK  
CHOCOLATES

# JOE WON'T HOBNOB

By EVELYN IRONS

New York.  
CAPTAIN JOHN McKEE-NORTON, who fought with the Grenadier Guards in North Africa, will meet 50 other ex-officers and men of the Household Brigade to do some beer-drinking in a public house next Tuesday evening.

Just another reunion? A reunion, yes—but with a difference. For the pub is German—and it is in New York ('We chose it because it serves beer in pint glasses'). And the men are some of the 200 who have joined the newly formed Household Brigade Old Comrades Association in America.

"Members are still coming in," says Norton, who started the idea. He is a toilet firm executive in New York and is married to a niece of the Duke of Alba.

But there are, of course, troubles. Chief is the notion that the Association are a snobbish lot. Some men refuse to join because of that. "Too smug for me," said bullet-headed, 53-year-old Joe Dunn, whom I found on duty in an elegant dark blue and gold uniform at the main entrance of the Plaza, one of Manhattan's plumpiest hotels.

Irishman Dunn has been here for some 30 years and is now an American citizen, but he has not lost the brogue of his father. Dunn was wounded when serving with the British Guards on the Somme in 1915 at the age of 17.

## £100 A WEEK

Joe has no wish to hobnob with the twelves after he leaves the Plaza driveway of an evening. "I was never even an NCO and I would feel awkward among all those officers," he says.

Doormen in New York's best hotels make more than most Guards officers at home up to £100 a week.

Such an attitude as Joe's is highly displeasing to the ex-officers who are organising the get-together of guardsmen.

Brigadier Jack Trendell, president of the Association who lives in New York, is also president of the English-Speaking Union, told me: "This is a completely democratic thing from encouraging other ranks. We want them to members. Our officers are to keep old guardsmen in America in touch with each other and to help each other in every way we can."

Annual subscription is two dollars, although those who can afford it are encouraged to give more.

## THREE STARS

America's ex-guardsmen include three Hollywood stars: Gary Grant, who was in the Irish Guards; Guy Millard, one-time trooper in the Blues, and Victor McLaglen, who was a corporal of horse in the Life Guards.

Sons of Sir Gladwyn Jebb, former British envoy to United Nations, and of Sir Ivor Dixson, who has succeeded him, belong to the Association.

You even find a guardswoman in the New York subway: 48-year-old John Pollock, a conductor (at £1,600 a year) on a train shuttling under Lexington Avenue, was a guardswoman in the Irish Guards before he emigrated to America 25 years ago. He married an Irish girl and they have a daughter aged 12.

Pollock won't have it that the association is a snobbish outfit. "There are certainly a lot of officers," he said, "but they are all very nice."

# IS THIS THE WAY THE WORLD ENDS?

By Les Armour

London. WHEN the world shrieks to its end, there will still be somebody cursing somebody.

The other day Coventry had a preview of the end of the world. It turned into a shouting match.

It wasn't that Coventry lacked experience of catastrophe. Hitler did his best to give the townsmen a good idea of what the end of the world might be like.

But the City Council has decided that there is something pathetically ludicrous about bringing out buckets of sand and rolls of bandages to meet an H-bomb.

The Government does not agree.

To prove its point, the Home Office sent a mobile column to pretend that the H-bomb had come—and to show the townsmen what they ought to do about it.

Somebody involved had a particularly nasty sense of self-righteousness. Part of the script blared over loudspeakers reads: "The public-spirited volunteers of Coventry are die-appointed... by the council... Some of your own relatives or friends might be among those trapped in agony waiting through seemingly endless hours before



"You told your constituents you needed it for food, old man!"

London Express Service

## No time for comedy where girls are engine-drivers ACCENT ON WOMEN

Rene MacColl reporting from Moscow

THE 20-year-old swimmer in Moscow University's large indoor pool was doing his best with a crawl stroke, but the coach in the track suit trotting along the edge was not satisfied and kept up a stream of sharp admonition.

What made this scene unusual? The swimmer was being coached and scolded by a young woman.

Russia is a woman's country all right, but not quite in the sense in which people talk of America as being one.

Here a woman has exactly equal rights and opportunities—and pay packets—as the men in every conceivable field.

It is even open to women to join Malenkov, Krushchev, and the others on the Supreme Council that rules Russia. So far none has made this particular grade—but it would not surprise me at all if some day soon one of these severe-looking, earnest, and intensely competent Russian women were to do so.

Russian women are engineers and steamroller drivers and bricklayers. That girl at the wheel of my Moscow trolleybus in dense traffic the other day was a very good driver.

Russian women shine shoes in the street, mend roads, inspect sewers.

Russian women are long-distance train conductors and top-level engineers and hold "instructors" (mainly directors).

At present, with the British business men that have been going on here our men have been taken back to find women in many of the Russian teams of negotiators. One girl was shown up smartly from a black sofa to advise on a shipping deal and women, moreover, who obviously know their jobs backwards.

Russian women are checkweighers and judges and "brigadier-fighters for peace." And thousands of them are doctors and organic chemists and museum guides. (I reported the other day on a £30-a-week woman who showed round the Lenin Museum.)

Russian women dream not of winning a football pool but of coping a Stalin prize worth £20,000 for some bright idea.

But they tend to regard life as sober, life as earnest. They more often than not have a most serious, not to say bleak, expression on their faces. Not for them the gay jest, the frivolous word.

### 'Why not?'

I TRIED paying my museum guide a mild compliment, but it fell to earth with a thud. I said to the interpreter to please tell the guide how impressed I was by the minute knowledge she had of all the exhibits in the many and crowded galleries through which she shepherded me.

When this was translated the guide frowned and replied: "But since I am a guide of the museum why should I not possess this knowledge?"

As you were saying, MacColl?" Russian women are anything but smart in appearance (although they are trying to remedy things by way of the fashion displays I reported on the other day). But, by and large, the women who crowd the pavements and shops are by our standards almost impossibly dressed.

The other day I was on Gorki Street when suddenly I thought I was confronted by a real woman. One old woman took a swing at a councillor with a birdcage which was supposed to be all she had saved as she "fed" her home.

Laugh if you like. But what is going on in Coventry is almost certainly a microcosm of the reactions of a bewildered world.

The Government wants to proceed with "business as usual." No one knows quite what will happen if the H-bomb comes. Buckets and bandages are something at least.

Coventry Council refuses to be lulled into the kind of mock security which "Civil Defence" provides. The councillors think that, by having nothing to do with it, they may impress on somebody the brutal fact that the only hope is to realize that you just can't play with H-bombs.

They refuse to have any truck with anyone who believes that an H-bomb is even humanly conceivable. It is a desperate view. But it is humanly understandable—even though if it ever does happen, there will have to be somebody there with an ambulance and a bandage making the best of it.

Somebody involved had a particularly nasty sense of self-righteousness. Part of the script blared over loudspeakers reads: "The public-spirited volunteers of Coventry are die-appointed... by the council... Some of your own relatives or friends might be among those trapped in agony waiting through seemingly endless hours before

In July of 1917, during the period of Kerensky's provisional Government, things got tough and Lenin hid out in a small cottage near Petrograd.

And here are the cooking pot, the kettle for tea, the saw, and the khinkl greatest which stood in good stead at the time.

Later comes victory. And so now the earnest little boy in the bottom tune is a world figure.

Here is the faithful replica of his Kremlin office. Four brown leather overstuffed chairs are drawn up beside a red baize-covered table, making a T with his desk. ("But Comrade Lenin never sat on the soft chairs but always the hard. The soft were reserved for his callers.")

There is a green-shaded desk-lamp and also four candles. Why the candles? "For sealing-wax and also because in those far-off days there were electricity cuts."

There are elaborately carved wooden hand-blotters.

Lenin used square ribs. And he had not much time for anything except pushing forward his ideas. Those ideas that have changed the world we live in quite a bit.

A shrewd, dynamic implacable man—with ideas who wore velvet collars on his overcoat and founded Pravda and knew what was just right for a nation of 200 million and lots of other people besides.

### His father

THERE sits his father, the schoolteacher, bearded, correct, stern of demeanour—Mr Barrett of Wimpole Street, Russia.

There is his mother, a rather handsome woman, with perceptive eyes and wearing that little Victorian top gear that ladies wore indoors at the time.

Her heroines are distinguished for profound confidence in their powers and a deep sense of dignity—traits typical of Soviet women in general."

At the back we come down to earth with some "Hilts" to young housewives" which are pretty much the same the world over. (How to remove the odour from pork or mutton fat? Boil it with a little milk and then it will be as nice as butter for cooking with.)

### If, if....

YES, there's no getting away from it. Russia's women have brought off some extraordinary achievement in nearly every field you can think of.

If they feel that, busy as they are, life's too short to bother about the way they look—well, they are entitled to that opinion (especially if the men don't kick too much).

But if on top of everything else the girls of Russia decide that they too are going in for the beauty business in a great big way and then proceed to tackle it with the massive efficiency they bring to pretty well all else!

Here is the first of many oil paintings showing Lenin in action—"He influences illegal circles in St. Petersburg, now Leningrad," explains the guide.

In 1897 he married Nadezhda Krupskaya, a schoolteacher.

And one of my favourite exhibits in the whole place is a wonderful photo of Nadezhda addressing the troops just behind one of the many fronts in the turbulent period of 1919-20—"the period of foreign intervention."

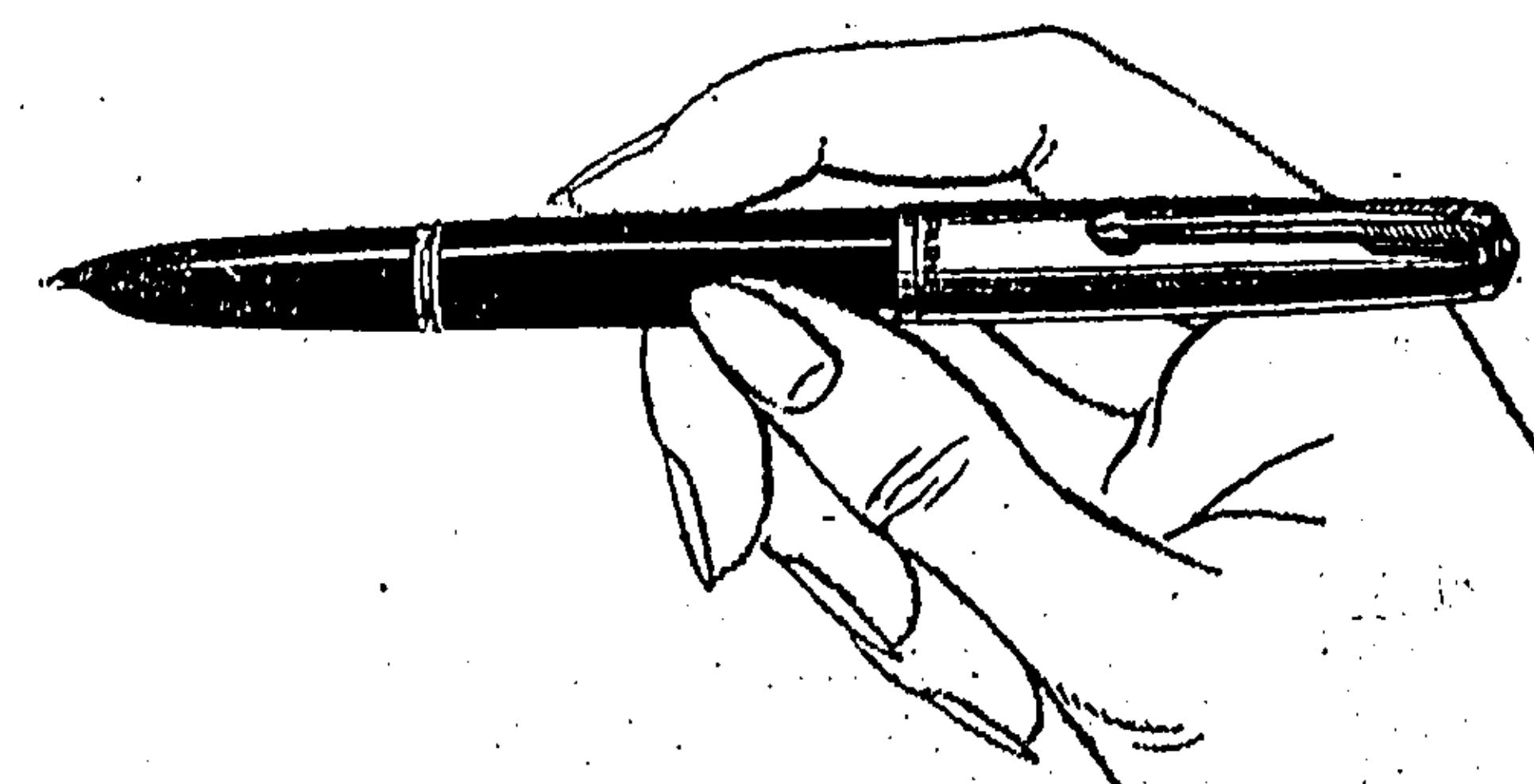
### Young Molotov

SHE is a tall woman wearing a striped two-piece suit with a belt—but my attention was riveted on the young Molotov in the foreground.

Not that on the day—August 30, 1918—that Mme. Karpian tried to assassinate Lenin she fled, took shelter at pointblank range, missed twice, but hit him in the left arm, and the shoulder blade with the other



## THIS Parker "51" Pen MAKES THE BEST GIFT YET!



A NEW development puts the Parker "51" Pen high on the list of most-wanted gifts! For the point of this remarkable pen can actually adjust to each person's way of writing. The tiny, all-precious Platinum tip "wears in" to the writing style of the person to whom you give this pen, and stays that way for decades. The result is an ease of writing found in no other pen—making it a most welcome gift. So give a beautiful Parker "51" Pen. Choice of nib grades,

For best results in this and all other pens, use Parker Quink, the only ink containing solvent.

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Cresco

# Danny sucked a pebble on the beach to save £1000

By GEORGE WHITING

**H**E was gasping for a drink on the beach at Brighton—but not for him the solace of a cup of tea or a quick one round the corner. All they would let him have was a pebble to suck.

Of course, he COULD have broken training and swallowed a quart of lemonade, but it would have been an expensive drink. Any such departure from the strict line of duty would have cost him £1,000, the price they were paying him for a shot at the bantam-weight championship of Europe—at 8 st. 6 lb. and not a pennyweight more.

So suck your pebble, Danny O'Sullivan. Make the weight. Wring yourself dry.

## THE FIGHT THAT FINISHED THE CHAMPION

How are you to know that Luis Romero, the Spanish ex-stonemason, once had the honour of killing a bull—and is shortly about to give a passable imitation of doing ditto to you? Stay thirsty son. You need the money.

Electrician O'Sullivan prospered at a perky little cockney from Islington, orphaned at 17 by the sudden and tragic death of his father—a sewer man whose wages had had to be eked out by rough and ready pugilism. With four sisters and five younger brothers keeping him company in the chill of poverty, what else could Danny do but fight?

Enterprise was called for, so he won the amateur championship of Scotland—which is not bad for a cockney. Versatility was demanded, so he got a job in a gas-works—which is not bad for an electrician.

Amateurs buckled under his punches at home and in Burma, India, Malaya and Sumatra. Then in

Tonight, somehow or other, you have to fight 15 three-minute rounds with the Spaniard. So put on the phoney smile, shake hands with Romero, rib the reporters.

O'Sullivan came thus to the official scales at 8st. 6lb. 6oz., went to Mass at a French church in the West End and retired to rest for the afternoon.

Romero, married 48 hours previously to the beautiful Paquita Fuster, registered 8st. 5lb. 4oz.

Fatigued by the unnatural battle with unwanted ounces, O'Sullivan nevertheless boxed brilliantly, seeking by skill and the up-and-at-'em streak of fish in his blood to postpone the inevitable. Danny did his darndest to snatch that title and please those members of the public who knowing little and caring less about weight reduction, demanded action.

Romero, square-set, chunky and flat-footed in the manner of old-time fighters, shot his southpaw right hand at the back of O'Sullivan's head, and pulled him on to a left hook to the liver. O'Sullivan stood for it.

A strong man can outsmart such manoeuvres, but not when

Whom was he kidding? Nobody but himself.

Early on the morning of the fight O'Sullivan made his surreptitious way to Jack Solomons' gymnasium off Shaftesbury Avenue, made certain no spy from Spain was lurking about and hopped on the scales.

Not even his wife or big manager knew of the niggling doubts that had brought him half-foot from Brighton hours before the official weigh-in at 1 o'clock.

Half a pound over—8st. 6 1/2 lb. Not much you might think. Nor would it be, if you were a bigger man, or if you had been satisfying your normal appetite for liquids these last three weeks—instead of turning yourself into breadcrust. In those circumstances, how much more can you sweat, Mr O'Sullivan?

One hour to go. Eight ounces of stamina and tissue between you and a £1,000 Championship title off to the Turkish baths, a desperate quest for perspiration in the hot room, a vigorous towelling, and a slow walk back to the weigh-in—so weak that you have to lean on the arm of a friend.



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A strong man can outsmart such manoeuvres, but not when

you have left your soap in a Turkish bath.

Twice in the first round Romero knocked O'Sullivan over with vicious left-handers, and having shown who was boss, the Spaniard kept it that way. Had Romero adopted the usual southpaw style of leading with his right, O'Sullivan might have stood a chance with his own right hand; but Luis did nearly all his business with the left, thus denying O'Sullivan the usual counters against a "wrong way round" boxer.



O'Sullivan, moving clockwise to avoid that menacing left hand, used his feet well enough to make Romero forsake hooking for swinging—but too many of those ashweight punches to the body reached their target. "Take a count!" roared O'Sullivan's seconds as their weary but still defiant little man

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DANNY O'SULLIVAN TODAY With his wife and daughters, Pat, nine, and Carol, six.

• He calls himself Father Divine. He also calls himself god—and thousands of his followers believe this to be literally true. He is a man who lives like a millionaire, yet pays no income tax.

## THE MAN WHO BANNED 'HELLO'

By Harald M. Harris

WHEN heaven came to Sayville, Long Island, not far from New York city, the neighbours objected. Its exact address was 72, Macon Street, and the householder's name was Major J. Devine. He lived there with his wife, Peninah, and about 20 other coloured people. Ten years later, by the end of the 1920's, there were 40.

With the depression pandemonium came to Sayville. The announcement of banquets every Sunday at 72, Macon Street brought New York's destitute Negroes in their droves. A great feast awaited them—mountains of chiken, ham, beef, vegetables, ice-cream, coffee, chocolate. Everything was free.

After they had satisfied their hunger Major Devine told them he was god. They believed him. Soon he had ninety disciples, all in regular employment, all contributing their entire earnings to the upkeep of god's dwelling.

In 1930 he made his first white converts—some of them wealthy. The Sunday crowds overflowed into the garden, into Macon Street itself, singing, clapping, stamping, in the fervour of their ecstasy. Major Devine, whose real name is George Baker, transformed himself again. He became Father Divine.

### Pretty Spy

When the neighbours asked him to leave, he declined.

They sent a pretty mulatto spy to find evidence of immorality and, if necessary, to provoke it. Sharing a double bed in the women's dormitory she found that sex was outlawed in heaven. Even Father and Mother Divine led celibate lives, she was told.

Although her mission failed, Father Divine was charged with being a public nuisance. Ignoring protestations by the faithful that the prisoner was god, Judge Lewis J. Smith sentenced him to a year in jail and a fine of \$500. Exactly ten days later Judge Smith died. A message came from Father's prison cell. It was short and dignified. It said simply: "I hated to do it."

The Divine Peace Mission movement had got off to a flying start. But its founder, who was destined for even greater triumphs, had already travelled far.

His own account of his origin ("I was combusted one day in 1900 on the corner of Seventh Avenue and 134th Street in Harlem") is precise, but does not square with the evidence. George Baker was born around 1880 in the Negro poverty of the Deep South.

### On His Own

He served his divine apprenticeship with one Father John, who had proclaimed himself the Father Eternal. It was in a Brooklyn flat that he set up on his own account.

There he laid down the principle which his followers (with only a few backsliders) have obeyed to the letter ever since.

He was their only god. They must cast out every other loyalty, including human affection and family attachments. Any sex expression, even between husbands and wives, was a glaring black sin.

Telling his followers that he had come from another world to achieve racial equality, he abolished discrimination by the simple process of not recognizing the existence of colour.

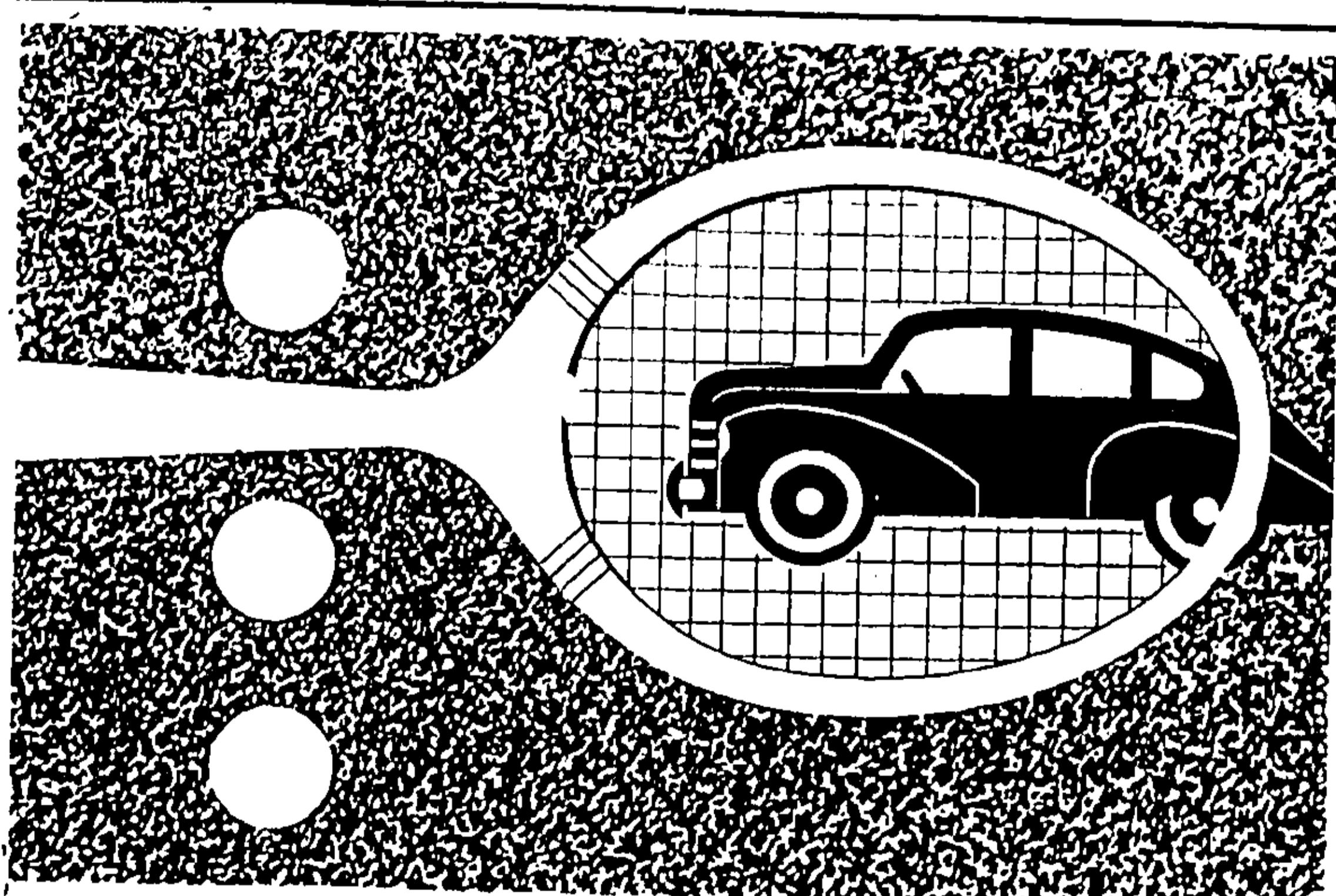
Though his own complexion is chocolate brown, Father stoutly maintains that it is not, and employs two photographers who use special techniques to prove his point.

### No Debts

No one can absolve honesty on his followers. They are never in debt. They do not drink, or smoke, or swear ("Hello" is banned as a greeting, and a disciple has been known to refer to Amsterdam as Amsterbiss).

These strange worlds of fantasy he calls his heavens—a great chain of missions, rooming-houses, apartment houses and hotels—are full of Divine angels. The movement's property in New York, Philadelphia, and Newark alone is worth more than \$10 million dollars.

He lives like a millionaire, but even the devoted efforts of the tax collectors have failed to dis-



### While you play...

You've no time to think until after the game is over

that your engine may have been committing slow suicide all the time

it was cooling after it had been stopped! No matter how good the gasoline is—even Shell gasoline—water containing CORROSIVE ACIDS is formed when it burns.

Those acids and the water can eat the cylinder walls and piston rings away.

Research has proved that corrosion is the major cause of engine wear.

Alkaline Shell X-100 Motor Oil prolongs engine life

by neutralising the major cause of engine wear.

**ALKALINE  
SHELL X-100 MOTOR OIL**

**FIGHTS CORROSION ACID WEAR**



**POCKET CARTOON**  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Ash, Laddie, what's amazin'?"  
"You, a slim, dark, thin, me, just drowsy, I'm factory working now."

"The Incredible Father Divine,"  
by Sara Horne, Allen, 18s.

## CHAPTER SIX OF AN EX-KING'S PERSONAL STORY

# THE AXIS PACT: AND I DECIDE TO ACT

By Ex-King Peter of Yugoslavia

**I**T was during our journey to the summer camp at Bleib, between Milocer and Split (parts of the Dalmatian coast populated by Croats) that I first heard the people shouting "Long Live Matchek!" as well as "Long Live the King!"

Matchek was then President of the Croatian Peasant Party and leader of the Croat Opposition to the Government.

There were also Croat flags hanging beside the traditional Yugoslav standards when we arrived in Split.

The reception of the population was even warmer than usual but these incidents stood out.

My mother and I left Bleib for Teplice the evening before the fatal day of September 1. Upon our arrival at the station in Belgrade we were informed that World War II had begun.

Two days later England declared war and France followed. My opinion was that we and Rumania should immediately do the same.

It seemed to me that again the overwhelming force of a simultaneous attack by Poland, England, France, Yugoslavia and Rumania, the Germans would not have much of a chance.

dwell continually on the glories of the Nibelungen, which I was compelled to recite.

Into his praise of the Nibelungen he always worked a little Nazi propaganda. He was the "heroic professor" type. I cannot say that I hated him, but most certainly despised him.

One day I felt so bored with his German propaganda that I decided to take my revenge. I was a 15-minute "terrible" between each lesson. Coffee was served during these intervals. I had managed to get hold of a very powerful and rapidly effective purgative, and put a dose in Herr Vladek's cup.

After five minutes of reporting Herr Hitler's latest victories, he asked to be excused.

★ ★ ★

At the end of November my mother went to England. I was quite alone in the palace except for the staff of whom Radenko, my valet, who had come to me on my father's death, was the closest to me.

About this time my uncle, Prince Paul, the Regent, explained to me both we and the remaining democratic part of the world were in a helpless position.

He said that it was our national duty to maintain and build up our strength while the greater democratic nations were preparing their offensive against Germany, so that we might participate in what I called an equal footing.

★ ★ ★

BUT our Government declared that the crisis did not concern us and that we would maintain strict neutrality, which seemed to me to be a most dishonourable attitude for us to take.

I listened, whenever possible, to every news broadcast, and slowly began to modify my opinions about the conduct of our Government. The war in Poland was practically over.

The Poles were defending themselves to the last man but what could they do with their cavalry and their inferior Army and air force equipment against Hitler's Stukas and Panzer divisions?

All that the British and French had done was to declare war, send a few planes over Germany dropping leaflets, and a couple of patrols into the Saar.

This was all very disillusioning to me, for I had thought that the mighty French Army and the British Expeditionary Force were going to launch a violent attack against the Siegfried Line, and I expected great things from the R.A.F.

It seemed to me that if we attacked Germany we should possibly have had a few early victories, but would have been wiped out as soon as Hitler had finished with Poland. We were also very worried about what the Italians might do.

In the middle of September we returned to Dedilje, where I prepared for my coming law and military studies. I was also fitted out with my cadet uniform. With other cadets from the Military Academy I went to the local drill field or to a firing range a few miles south of Belgrade.

One afternoon a 15-year-old Renault tank stopped, clanking in front of us.

And another cadet were allowed to get into the turret, which was armed with a machinegun, while the others crowded outside.

After a few deafening explosions the engine roared forward and we began to move along at a walking pace.

★ ★ ★

THE poor man was deeply shocked. I had stolen a march on him, and for the next three days would not speak to me unless I first spoke to him.

The next day I made three jumps on the training track, the longest of which was 20 metres—the record was 30 metres.

I joined a battalion of mountain troops on skis. The next day the commanding officer collected us. He gave me a rucksack, a shovel, bivouac, a white cap to carry, and a miniature Mauser machine-pistol.

Then we set off with seal skins on our skis for a march of about six miles high up in the mountains. When we halted on the border line of a small forest he asked me to point out how many soldiers I could see from where we were.

After looking around for quite a while I succeeded in seeing two, and pointed them out to him. But there were really 30.

He blew a whistle and soldiers started emerging from the most unexpected places, all wearing white capes.

I was informed that the greatest problem encountered by ski troops was that of hiding their ski tracks.

The formolino was the newest and best equipped in our army, and the men had been recruited from among the most rugged mountain regions. Though their training was very severe, they enjoyed better general treatment than any other troops in our army.

★ ★ ★

WE descended a steep incline, crossed a miniature stream, and slowly climbed up the postle bank. Half-way up the incline the right track came off and the crew took about 20 minutes to put it on again. It was only after that we got the engine started again.

As we were climbing another bank clouds of smoke appeared from the back end flames began to lick around. We immediately abandoned the tank.

We were all extremely discouraged by this demoralization, but nevertheless were amused by it and by the expression of misery on the tank major's face. About 40 of the 50 tanks which were the mainstay of the Yugoslav Artillery Tank Corps were quite useless.

Herr Vlado Wolfert taught me German. He was a Volkssoldaten, a "volunteer". Violent Nad with a Hitler mustache. He insisted on teaching us German grammar down to the last detail and on making us write Gothic characters. He

Early in 1940 the King went for a car drive in the "bandit country" about Negotin.

ONCE my father and mother were driving there, and first their police car got stuck in the mud and, some time later, their own car. My father went to look for help, leaving my mother alone in the car with a revolver.

She had not been there long when a wild-looking man emerged from the bushes near by and asked her fiercely: "Who are you?" She told him that she was the Queen, whereupon his attitude changed.

"You must put away your revolver," he said in a kindly way, "and we will do what we can." She told him that the King had gone to get help and the bandit went to find him, first warning her that she must shout at the top of her voice that she was the Queen, so that none of his band would harm her.

He eventually returned with my father, some fellow bandits and several men, pulled them to a safe ground, and escorted us home in the car.

He explained that they would not harm the King, as they knew that he was a good man. The bandit was one of the henchmen of the notorious chief Heidrich Babitch, famous for robbing the rich and helping the poor.

It was fortunate that my parents had lost their police car earlier in the afternoon. For had they still been thus protected there would certainly have been a tussle with the bandits.

★ ★ ★

AT Nerenska I saw for the first time the gold mine belonging to my family. This mine had been opened by my father a couple of years before his death, and had only been produced for the first three years, so that it had just paid off the initial capital invested in it. It is of the alluvial type, and gold is washed in the river bed.

On September 6 (my 17th birthday) I got my commission as second lieutenant, and my uniform was the Air Force one—happily without the Army cuff collar.

On the same day I unveiled the monument to my father in Lubljana. The monument was later torn down by the Italians when they occupied Slovenia. It was their first act of violence there.

On September 20 we visited Slovenia Pozega, where I saw a parade of heavy artillery, kept here as the frontier was within easy reach.

The majority of the artillery was later captured in mass by the Germans. These heavy, often outdated weapons were no match for the blitzkrieg."

On September 21 we went to the northern defence line by car, where we inspected many bunkers and anti-tank defences. I was appalled to hear of the amount of money that had been spent on these fortifications, and very disapprovingly asked General Kosich why the generals had learnt nothing from the fiasco of the Maginot Line, and whether he did not think it would be wiser to spend the money on anti-tank guns, and tank destroyers which are mobile.

"Majesty," he answered, "we who have had so much experience know better about such things than someone as young as you."

Then we set off with seal skins on our skis for a march of about six miles high up in the mountains. When we halted on the border line of a small forest he asked me to point out how many soldiers I could see from where we were.

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★ ★ ★

AT a Government-managed aircraft factory, making Dornier 17 bombers under licence, King Peter commented on the slowness of production.

I was told that the Germans had given the wrong specifications, or that when measurements had been checked on the four Dornier planes in the factory, it was found that they did not correspond.

A commission had been sent to Germany to discover where the error lay. All that I saw and heard in this Government-run factory was a great disillusionment to me.

Towards the end of October our company took part in a big manoeuvre.

The whole Generalitat observed these manoeuvres. I had occasion to meet and talk with this august body, and was duly impressed by their number, size, and age, but certainly not by their knowledge.

Our men were always too heavily equipped. Each man carried his rifle, ammunition, a tent, primus stove, shovel and extra clothing.

After a night's march of a few miles to change position the men used to stagger to their destination completely exhausted.

★ ★ ★

I REMEMBER a conversation I had with a general of the old school as we watched some motorised troops. I remarked enthusiastically that we needed yet more motorisation, and he replied: "Yes, I suppose this motorisation is quite a good thing—but what happens when we run out of gasoline?" Our bullockies were slower, but they don't run out of gasoline."

On October 28, 1940, Greece was attacked by Italian troops from Albania. Within a few weeks it was obvious that this little Greek army was well able to hold its own.

Public opinion in Belgrade was very restive. People were violently accusing our Government for its policy of appeasement. Students' demonstrations were taking place, and there was a strong feeling of discontent among the younger officers in the Army.

Fun-humour increased when German troops crossed the Romanian and Bulgarian frontiers. A rumour began to circulate that Hitler was asking for our membership in the Three-Power Pact.

This Pact was concluded by Germany with Italy and Japan on September 27, 1940, and joined in November of the same year by Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia.

WE hoped that the alarm would not be given until 24 hours after our flight from Belgrade with the tanks.

I was to go to General Headquarters of the garrison at Skopje which, as I already knew, was on our side, contact the general in charge of the district and persuade him to issue orders to all his troops to retreat to the frontier.

We intended then to ask the Greek Government to receive this refugee army of about 20,000 men into the country, and to request our own Government to denounce the signing of the pact by Yugoslavia.

In case of refusal, we were then to join forces with our traditional friends, the Greeks, against our common enemies.

All this was to take place about a week after the signing of the pact, which if the worst came to the worst, we expected at the beginning of April.

On February 14, to everybody's amazement, Prime Minister Tsvetkovitch and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Tsinfar Markovitch, went to Berchtesgaden, "invited" by Hitler to discuss the future relations of their countries.

On March 26 the Ministers returned and made the official statement that the Three-Power Pact had been signed in Vienna, and that we had officially joined the Axis powers.

The statement implied that there were secret clauses in this agreement which were to our great advantage.

This statement sufficed for me. I made a few frantic and cryptic telephone calls. My message was that we must act.

NEXT SATURDAY:  
Students demonstrate... revolution... The Regent disposed... Peter as King

THE CAN-CAN IS STILL A POWERFUL DRAW

BY ROBERT AHIER

Paris. After three-quarters of a century, the French can-can is still bringing large crowds to the Moulin Rouge night club.

"Frenchmen and tourists like to see the typical can-can dance because it reminds them of a happy period," said pretty Marie-Jeanne Meligré, captain of the can-can girls.

Marie-Jeanne, a 28-year-old blonde, started dancing at the age of six. After being trained in the Paris Opera ballet she left classical dancing for the can-can.

"I was too tall for the opera," she said. "They could not match me with any Frenchmen, so I decided to turn to the can-can. It's much more fun."

Marie-Jeanne shrugged her shoulders when the can-can dancing in the American film, "Moulin Rouge", was mentioned.

"It's a good movie," she said, "but its can-can dances are elementary compared to what we do here."

She explained that although the music has remained the same and the steps are similar to those danced by the first dancers at the Moulin Rouge late in the last century, the pace has changed.

"We go much faster now and all our movements are bigger and more acrobatic," she said. "It comes from hard daily training."

Powerful Splits

Marie-Jeanne said that in the past dancers kicked their legs waist high, while now they kick head-high. Splits were made by sliding, while now they are made in a powerful jump. The rhythm of the music is also faster.

One novelty of the Moulin Rouge dance is a 23-year-old American dancer from Texas, Doria Avila, who performs subtle modern dances.

"After dancing on Broadway, I came to France on a holiday," he said, "and on my first night I went to watch the Moulin Rouge show and they hired me for six months"—United Press.

At the end of February these meetings suddenly ceased, and I was never again asked to be present at the perusal of these reports. I was kept completely in ignorance of the happenings of the ensuing weeks.

I succeeded in gathering a small group of my friends from the military academy, university, and high schools. We conferred about what we would do in the event of our Government signing the pact. Many schemes were considered, and finally one was agreed upon.

I was to take a few days' holiday under cover of a shooting trip, but would go instead to the Tank Depot in Belgrade, which was under the command of a major who shared our sentiments.

I would then say that he was going out on night patrol and would take six tanks to Skopje, about 300 miles (roughly two days' journey) away.

The other military members of the group were to apply for transfer to commands in South Macedonia.

I took into my confidence one of my military instructors, who had been commander of a brigade near the town of Debar. He was extremely popular both among the officers and men of his garrison.

The other members of our group were to contact as many people as they could in whom they had complete trust, and were to arrange to get down as near to the border as possible, with them.

★ ★ ★

WE hoped that the alarm would not be given until 24 hours after our flight with the tanks.

This Pact was concluded by Germany with Italy and Japan on September 27, 1940, and joined in November of the same year by Hungary, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia.

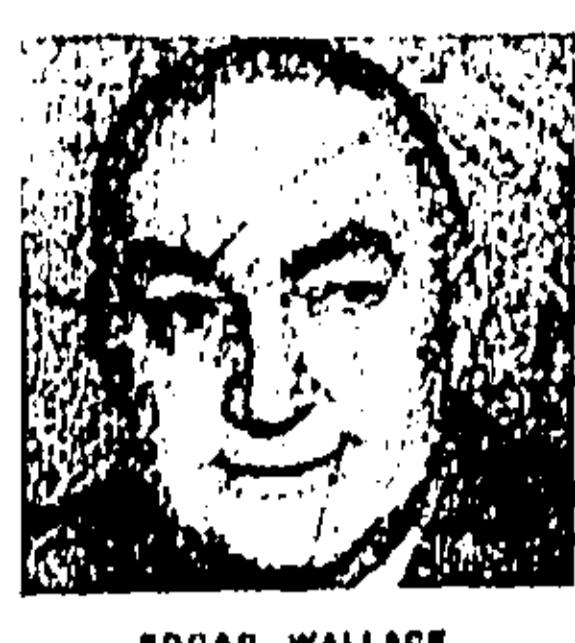
After the performance I managed to corner a diplomat from England. I asked him about the general situation in England. He gave me a very gloomy picture.

I questioned him closely about British Army and Air Force equipment and their production, and again his answers were not very encouraging. I also asked him if, should we enter the war, it would be possible for Great Britain to supply us immediately with fighter aircraft, some light tanks, and troops to support us. He thought it most unlikely.

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# I AM THE RINGER



**Let me take you inside  
the 'Edgar Wallace world' I lived in...**

THE CHINA MAIL has decided to tell—largely in his own terms—the story of a crook. Has William Maurice Williams, owner of the racehorse Francasal and now a prisoner in Wormwood Scrubs, any claim on the attention of intelligent people?

Certainly he has....

**BECAUSE HIS STORY** lifts the fringe on the whole world of betting which touches millions of people's lives.

**BECAUSE HIS STORY** provides a precise portrait of a type bred in these days in greater numbers than people think.

**BECAUSE HIS STORY** provides also—and almost with an Edgar Wallace sense of climax and retribution—the portrait of a conspiracy and the things that can wreck all conspiracies.....

**2 p.m. at Bath...all my life had been leading up to this moment...**

ILLIONS of words have been written about the race horse Francasal. I am its registered owner. My name is Maurice Williams. I have been sent to prison for two years. No doubt you have read about my crime....

But what court report can ever take you completely

difficult to see through the rain haze. The race had gone 200 yards before he spotted the colours he wanted to see chocolate and white.

And the jockey wearing those colours was out in front. It looked as though his horse was going to win.

Who can ever describe the feelings of a man when he sees a horse which will win £35,000 ahead of the others, especially when it is the climax of a long betting career?

I know how it feels. Because I was that man. Not only did I buy the horse Francasal, I also owned Santa Amaro, which switched with Francasal.

The whole world now knows that the horse that ran as Francasal was really Santa Amaro.

For I am THE RINGER. Sacking one animal for another on dog tracks has been my business. If you can call it a business.

★ ★ ★

**NOTE:** No much for Maurice Williams's confession. But the Francasal case sets his first venture in horse-ringing.

When Francasal passed the post it was the high point of his career, a shadow career on the twilight fringe of life. He knew the world where no one pays any income tax. It is a world of tight-tipped men who ask no questions.

It is a world where people have their pockets stuffed with flees and alternately hysterical hope or grey despair in their hearts. It is a world which the

ordinary punter who puts a few shillings on a horse does not understand and will never enter.

The people who live in this unreal, pressure-cooked world are as drugged with dreams as any opium smoker. It is the world of the professional gamblers.

Maurice Williams was one of these. His father, who kept a paint and wallpaper shop in Marden Road, Kentish Town, strongly disapproved of gambling.

He died at the age of 80 a few years ago, luckily not living to see his son become the central figure in the most sensational betting case of the century. For ever since he put his first shilling on a horse at the age of 15 the gambling life had held Maurice Williams in its octopus grip.

He died in the flat above the family shop that he woke up early on the morning of July 16 last year. He swung his 10 stone out of bed as soon as the dusty London daylight glimmered through the window.

When the papers came he grabbed them. He ignored the headlines that told of the Queen's Coronation Review of the R.A.F. at Odham and turned quickly to the back page. It was the day of the Big Switch.

He found that both Santa Amaro and Francasal were among the 20-1 others in the 2 o'clock race. One racing correspondent tipped Santa Amaro to win. No one gave Francasal.

Williams had a breakfast of bacon and eggs and dressed himself carefully in a grey suit, nylon shirt, and brown shoes.

As it looked like rain he carried a raincoat.

He told his sister, with whom he lived, that he was going out for the day. When he walked into the July morning he was undecided what he would do on the most important day of his life.

Then suddenly he knew what he must do. He must go to Bath and stand unknown among the crowd to watch his switched horse Francasal run. That was just what he had not intended to do. But the overpowering impulse proved greater than the instinct for caution.



I became paralysed with excitement. I did not know whether it was the rain or perspiration, but I felt wet all over.

My horse was ahead by a length. But it looked as though the other horses were not only holding him but gaining.

Then I saw the Jockey Club show the horse the whip. I thought we were beaten. But he stayed out in front and won by a length and a half.

I remember saying to myself; I have pulled it off. I thought of all the scheming, the plotting, the nerve-racking strain, the doubts—but it had worked.

I quite forgot my anxiety to avoid being recognised by anyone. I am a big man, 6ft, 2ins tall, but I jumped up and down. I literally danced for joy.

People drew away from me a little. They must have thought I was drunk or mad. Perhaps I was a little mad.

Particularly when I glanced at the winner's price. It was 100-1 on the course. And I had £3,500 on the horse. I had made a fortune.

What does a man do when he realises that he has suddenly won a sum of money which will save him from worry for the rest of his life? Does he drink champagne, book a suite in the most expensive hotel?

Had someone gone to the course to buck the horse? Could it be that the bookmakers with whom the bet had been laid had scented a good thing? Had they got on before the wire service broke down?

Then the most chilling thought of all struck me. The thought which is the waking nightmare of all crooked conspirators: Had I been double-crossed?

I was soon to know. I read every edition of the evening newspapers as they came out. They were carrying reports that the police and the Jockey Club had been informed. Questions were being asked about Francasal.

But worse news was to follow. The newspapers said that bookmakers might hold up payments on the winner pending an official decision.

**Worry, worry**



And next day? Well, then it really hit me.

Francasal and Santa Amaro were traced by the police and found together. It was established that one had been shot in this country. The other was still wearing the plates in which he had travelled from France.

All this was a shock to me. I had no idea we had blundered so grossly.

The ignorant owner was told that the horses had been identified because one of them, Santa Amaro, had two white spots on its withers. This was probably caused by saddle rubbing. Francasal did not have these spots.

It was only then I realised what a mug I had been.

When I rang up one of my confederates up again he said

## Shared taxi

THIS is what I did 10 minutes after Francasal had won the Spa Selling Handicap. I ran across the road in the rain mist to a taxi.

I had to share it. My fellow fare was a short, weather-beaten man who said: "I am soaked through and I have had enough. I did not even have a bottle."

I answered: "Nor did I."

It was, in fact, the truth. All the £3,500 had been placed off the course for me by the man I had appointed to manage the commission agent's business I had bought.

I had 40 minutes to wait for the train, so I went into a small cafe and had a cup of tea.

In London I bought an evening paper. Francasal's starting price had been returned at 10-1. The winnings had to be recalculated. But they still reached the sizable figure of £35,000.

While I turned this comforting information round in my head I decided to have a drink. I went into a public house—called, ironically enough, The Running Horse—and read the paper carefully. As I sipped my whisky I noticed a small paragraph which said: "A storm cut communications with Bath Racecourse."

I turned over the paper uninterestingly. It never occurred to me that this news item might have any significance for me.

A 24 bus took me home. I was there before seven. When my sister gave me two boiled eggs, I said: "I had a fair win today."

This—if my illicit winnings had ever been paid—I realise would rank as the gambling understatement of the century.

## Pipe dream

DID I then decide to celebrate? No, it is not in my temperament.

I put on a pair of old flannels and a sports coat and went for a walk across Hampstead Heath. On my way back I joined some friends at the Railway Tavern near my home. I bought a modest round of drinks and went home.

Next morning I lay in bed luxuriously, puffing metaphorically at the gambler's pipe dream which had come true.

Then my sister handed me the papers. I jumped out of bed. The newspapers said that it was suspected that the blow-wire to Bath Racecourse had been cut deliberately.

For some time, as I ate my breakfast, I did not fully realise the implications of this news. I still believed the most likely explanation was the storm. I was only concerned with the possible effect on my bets. I could not see how the situation could affect them.

Then I suddenly asked myself: "Why had Francasal's odds been reduced to 10-1 when his price in the morning papers had been forecast at 20-1?"



THE HORSES THAT ARE ALWAYS IN THE NEWS

When a photographer went to Epsom last week to take this picture of Francasal and Santa Amaro, "which is which," was still the question. A policeman said: "That's Francasal." "No, no," said the groom, "that's Santa Amaro." In the Racing Calendar a Jockey Club statement was published... that both horses were "perpetually disqualified," and that Williams, Harry George Kately, Gomer Charles, and Robert Victor Colquhoun Dill had been warned off Newmarket Heath and all other places where the rules of racing are in force." And all bets on the race are void—except cash bets already settled....

I decided to telephone the other bookmakers. I can only describe my reception from them as mixed. One or two of them seemed happy enough. But some were exceedingly short with me. One called me a lot of nasty names.

That evening the papers were carrying headlines about me. They asked, "Who is Maurice Williams?" or "Where is Maurice Williams?"

## Here he is

MAURICE WILLIAMS went to the cinema to keep out of the way. It was a musical called "The Farmer Takes a Wife." The star was Betty Grable. But even she could not make me see all the film. I left half-way through. I tell all my company.

So I went into a cafe which I use regularly. I was greeted by shouts of "Herr comes the big racehorse owner."

None of the people in that cafe ever thought for a moment that I was really the Maurice Williams. The papers were talking about me.

At midnight I was unable to sleep. I paced across the floor of Parliament Hill for an hour and three-quarters and looked down on light-smokey London. I did not sleep well that night.

meaningly: "The police have been to see me and I have made a statement."

So I phoned another of them and told him: "I'm sorry things have not turned out. There's something wrying somewhere along the line."

I read that the bookmakers were screaming. There was talk of a switch being pulled. A thousand questions crowded into my mind.

What had put the police on the trail? Because there was no doubt they were on the trail.

There were several descriptions of Maurice Williams, all of them inaccurate except one. I decided the time had come to consult a solicitor.

Next day an appointment was fixed for Detective Superintendent Spooner and Chief Inspector Hodge to interview me.

I drove to Scotland Yard with my solicitor. The mysterious Maurice Williams had come forward.

## NEXT WEEK

How a plot in a Regent Street cafe kept the best brains of the law working for months....

## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



...this situation calls for a

**San Miguel**

# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## The Fashion World's Latest "Hat Trick"

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

London.  
If you're in London and you hear someone say that she is off to the Hat Library, don't imagine that the sun has gone to her head.

For a "Hat Library" has just opened, and it hopes to give women the same sort of service in hats which that well-known firm provides for men in everything from traps to tails. Of course, it's not really a "library" at all, that's just its name.

I recently phoned the library for a few visitors who travel here and can't bring a hat for every occasion, said slim, lively Mrs. Lily Arlen, one of the two partners who run the library. "Most women here seem just as interested." She added, "It means that they can hire a hat to a special engagement. Ascot and garden parties for instance. Instead of spending pounds on buying a model they'll wear only once."

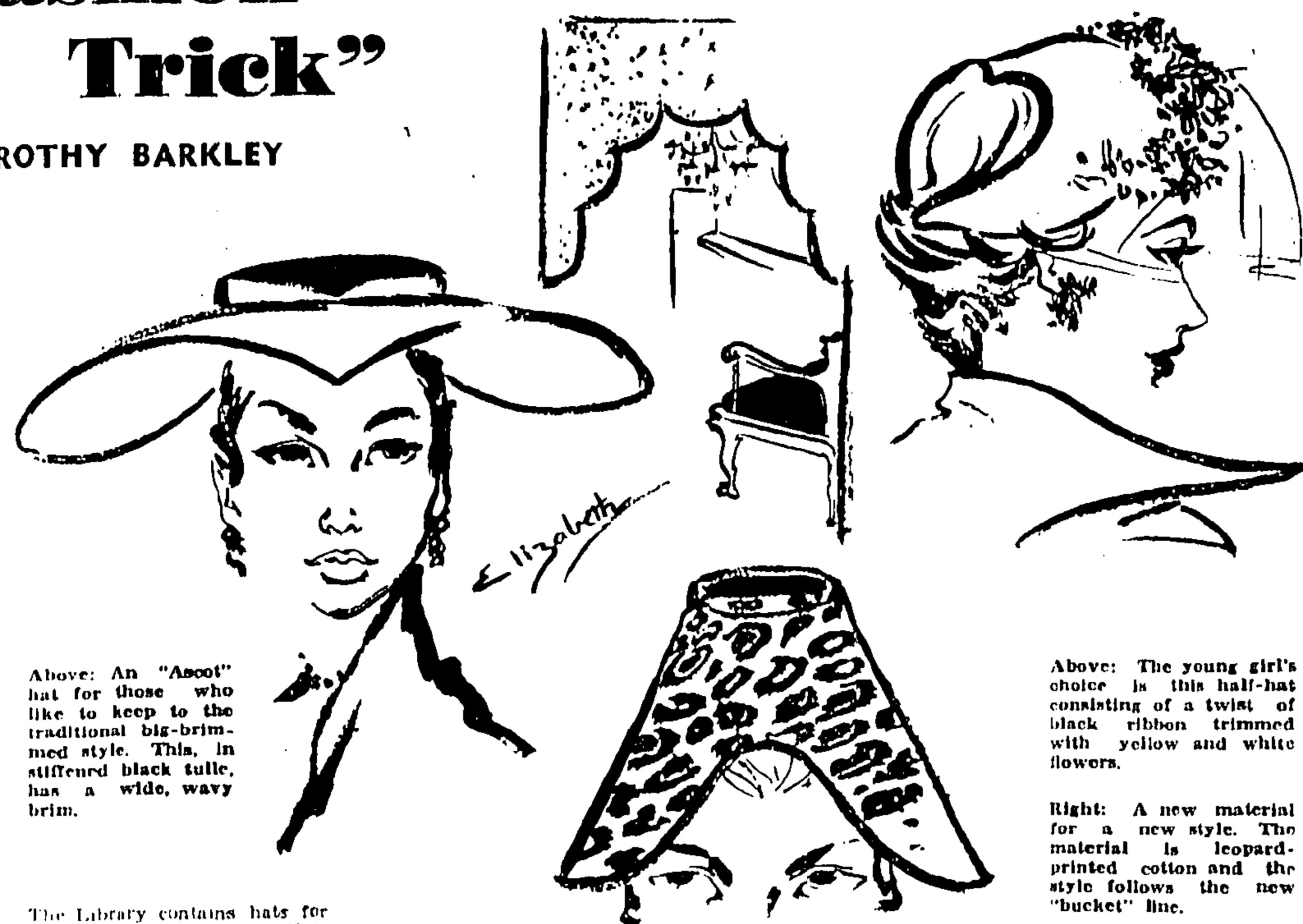
Mrs Arlen and her partner, raven-haired young Mrs. Esther Jeffries, both know the millinery business inside out. They explained that the library is "just what it sounds like—lending library of hats. You simply select the one you want, pay a deposit and it's yours for a day."

Here charges vary according to whether the model is a "simple half-hat or a boudoir-made Party toque."

"Hats," are given a comfortable seat in front of a large mirror in the pink-and-blue shop, a collection of a hundred hats fall catalogued into their various sections to choose from, and a promise from the two "librarians" that there will be no "high-pressure sales talk."

"We don't encourage rush sales," said Mrs. Arlen.

Borrowers can browse around until they find what they want. They can book ahead and reserve a model for a special occasion. There's no duplication—we never loan the same hat for the same occasion. So there's no chance of those unfortunate meetings—you know what I mean."



Above: An "Ascot" hat for those who like to keep to the traditional big-brimmed style. This, in stiffened black tulle, has a wide, wavy brim.

The Library contains hats for every imaginable occasion. Hats of all colours, shapes and sizes, fashionable models like bucket hats, "safe" styles like head-bugging bonnets, popular models like big-brimmed Ascot hats.

Such fabrics as leopard-printed cotton, such old favourites as tacked silk jersey. Sophisticated colours like kingfisher blue, feminine colours like rose pink.

There's even a style for those who don't like wearing hats but must have something to cover their heads if they're going to a wedding, for instance. (See illustration, right, of the half-hat.)

Mrs Arlen and Mrs Jeffries have thought of everything—even of a "hat steriliser". When a hat is returned, they put it into a small air-tight cupboard, something like a glass-fronted refrigerator, and turn a knob. The temperature inside rises and the hat absorbs the fumes from the sterilising liquid.

As they "baked" a hat for me, I remarked that I had never seen anything quite like it before.

"I don't suppose you have," they said. "We had this made to our own specification. In the interests of hygiene, you know."

"But don't think our hats smell of disinfectant," they hastened to assure. "The liquid has faintly aromatic scent, but it's not offensive."

Business ventures, like this one, are always a gamble. They may come off... or they may not. You take your money and you take your chance.

Well, these two have staked their money and are prepared to take the chance because they think this is just the hat trick women have been waiting for.

"As a group, it seems to me, they demoralise the job hunter. Why do they behave like that?"

Well, in the first place, that is not true of all personnel people, or even of many. But the one cold-blooded person we encounter poisons our thinking about the whole lot. Also, you must remember that, for a while, it was the custom to hire, for personnel jobs, the very scientific, factual person who frequently didn't have much warmth or intuition. Fortunately, that trend is changing now.

"The reason is that the problem is always within ourselves, and never in the other person or the situation. Face it where you are, and like it where you are, or you'll run into it wherever you go!"

Above: The young girl's choice is this half-hat consisting of a twist of black ribbon trimmed with yellow and white flowers.

Right: A new material for a new style. The material is leopard-printed cotton and the style follows the new "bucket" line.

### WHAT TO DO WHEN YOU RUN UP AGAINST

## A SNAG IN YOUR JOB

**WHY** are personnel elsewhere. You'll only counter the same problem over again.

"The reason is that the problem is always within ourselves, and never in the other person or the situation. Face it where you are, and like it where you are, or you'll run into it wherever you go!"

—Anne Heywood

### Gypsy earrings take new form



A fashion's last fling, is pictured above. The gypsy earring, the odd little fashion idea which everyone fell for and which is taking a long, long time to fall entirely out of favour, is back again in a new form, this time shaped like copper gongs.

The latest styles are made in beaten copper about the size of a penny, and the idea turned up in the place that launched the first gypsy earrings—Home.

### Grandmother Finds Fun, Profit In Jewellery

Durant, Okla. A CREATIVE mind and a

little work can put a woman in business, even if only a small business.

That's the way it is with Mrs. A. B. Rutherford, a 73-year-old grandmother, who makes and sells sea-shell jewellery.

Mrs. Rutherford, who is also

an avid fisherman, began her

unusual business in 1948 while

recovering from a broken arm.

Then, with her daughter,

in Memphis, Tenn., she saw

a face on the shell and added a

small shell hat.

Her work shop is the dining

room table, usually covered

with hundreds of shells, and her

friends wanted to buy, and how

Mrs. Rutherford makes "enough

## Glasses Can Be Flattering

By LADY BOYLE

Do you wear glasses? I do when I go to the cinema, and I look for shapes to suit my face. But I notice that the women who wear glasses all the time always seem to choose frames that are conventional and dull.

It seems such shame when manufacturers really do try and help you. After all, you can wear glasses and look attractive. I remember Marilyn Monroe in the film How To Marry A Millionaire. And, nearer home, I nominate Margaret Lockwood as someone who can wear glasses successfully when occasion demands.

The right shape of spectacles can accentuate your good points and minimise your bad ones. The frames can follow the arch of your eyebrows, the curve of a high cheek-bone, or a straight brow.

### CREATE AN ILLUSION

"Cat's-eye" frames are ideal for round faces. They give real uplift, and take away inches from the width of the face.

Spectacles can be made without an underneath rim, so that the natural beauty of the eye can still be seen. For the girl with a short nose, a frame set high on the bridge of the nose will give the illusion of length. The reverse shortens a long nose.

There are so many colours and materials to choose from. Black doesn't tie you, and is very chic, but if the frames are too heavy, they make you look owlish.

Light tortoiseshell has a regency elegance, and looks just as smart in town or country.

Blue will bring out the colour of your eyes.

Green is tying, but fun on a red-head.

Next time you're changing glasses, be adventurous.

### BEAUTY AUTHORITY

These days I am under the spell of Miss Rose Laird.

Miss Laird, an erect, youthful 28, was elected one of America's outstanding women of achievement in 1952. An expert on beauty problems, she is a striking example of everything she preaches.

"Beauty never came out of a pot," she declares. Her approach is from the doctor's point of view, for she started her career with nine years in a skin clinic in Philadelphia.

The basis of beauty is keeping the normal functioning of the body up to the mark, Rose Laird maintains. Contrasting the humiliating problem aches of adolescence with the all-too-often faded bloom of maturity, she believes that far too many women look old at 40 because they neglected their skin at 14.

Rose Laird uses knuckle massage in her skin treatment. This is the method.

### MASSAGE

After cleansing, smooth some cream over your face. Make a loose fist of each hand and, starting with the second joint of the knuckles at the base of the throat, move up to the chin, under the jawbone, out to the ear lobe, and behind the ear to the hairline. Start again at the base of the throat, work up the chin under the jawbone to the ear, and up to the temples.

Knead at the temples for a few moments, then continue to the forehead. Work extra hard around this area of the "frown-line."

Next, place the hands at the chin, and "walk" the knuckles to the corners of your nostrils. Continue under the cheek-bone to the temple and over the forehead. Then place the knuckles at the temples, and with a rotary, kneading motion, continue under the eye towards the bridge of the nose, and over the eye, forming a complete circle.

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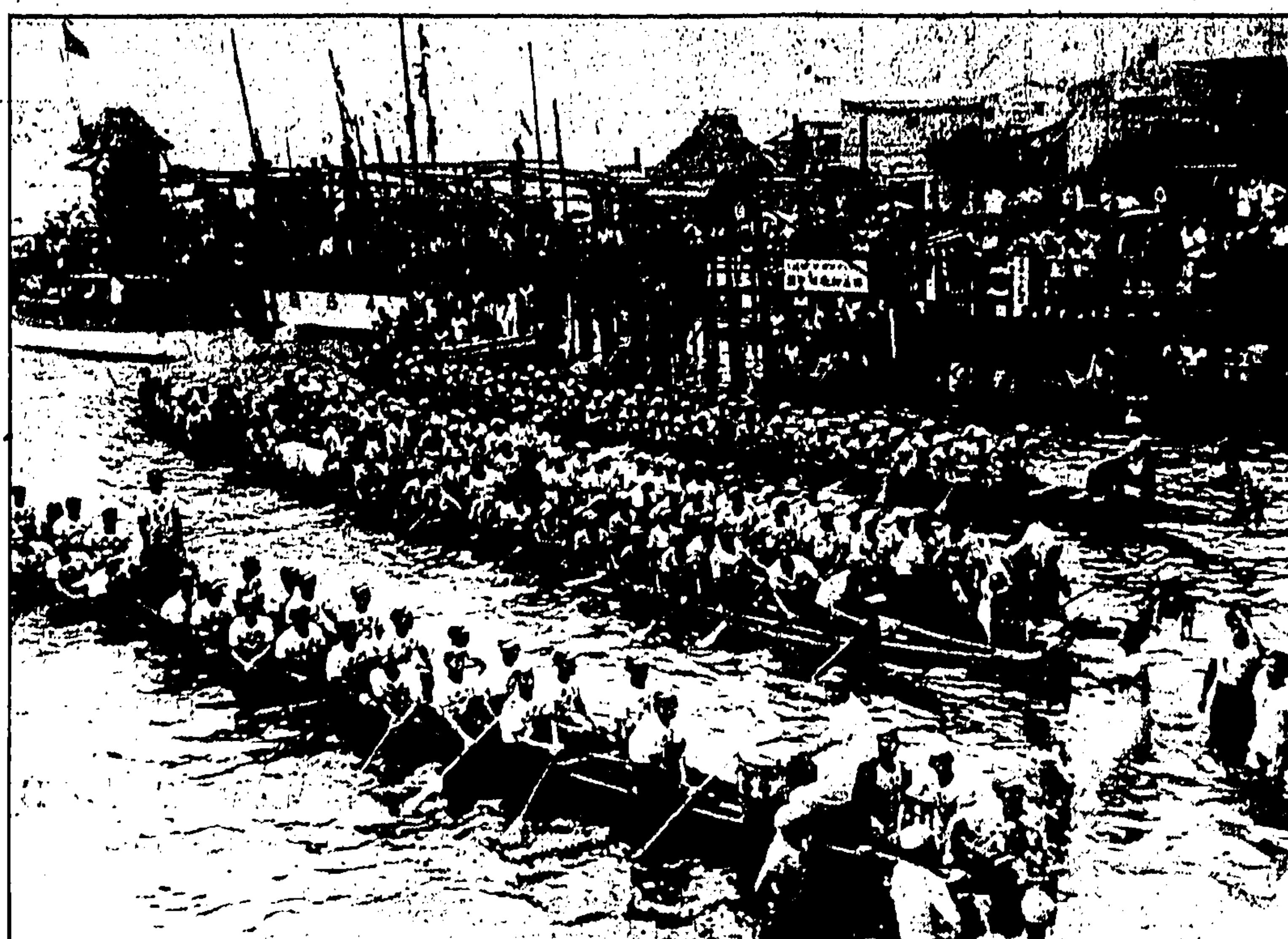
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STYLING

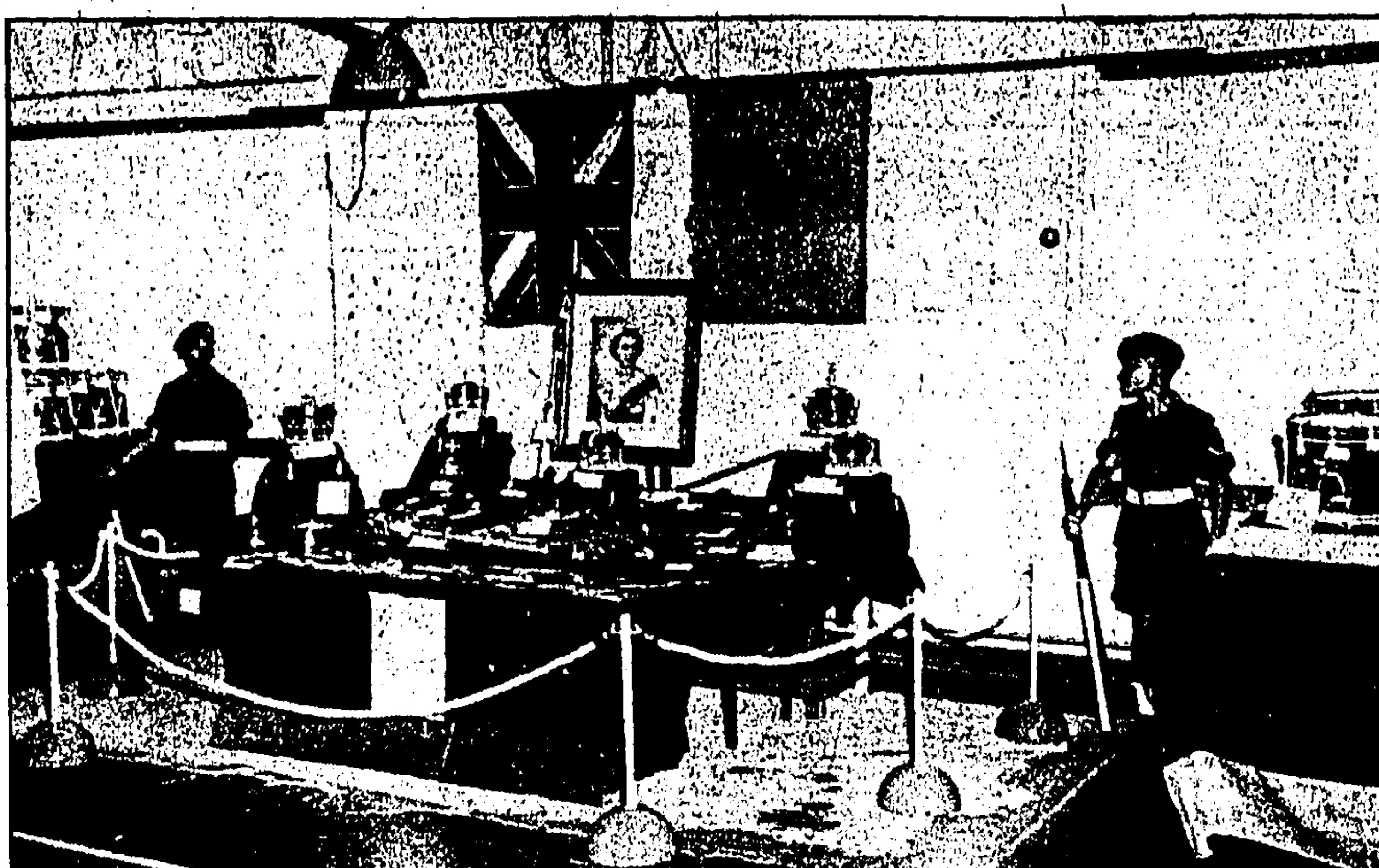


ABOVE are four of the colourful dragon boats that took part in the Kennedy Town regatta last Saturday on the occasion of the Dragon Boat Festival. Right: A European crew, calling themselves the "Kwai Los," who competed in dragon boat races in Tai Po and came in third. Below: Some of the European rowers who participated, proudly displaying the banners which they won. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT, above: Lady Grantham is seen with the American-Chinese artist, Dong Kingman, at the exhibition of his works at the USIS Library. Striking exhibits were water-colours of New York street scenes. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Friends of Mr and Mrs A. S. Pudtar at the christening of their baby daughter, Kathleen Rosemary, which took place at St John's Cathedral last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colours of the Hongkong Regiment are displayed above replicas of the Crown Jewels at the Centenary exhibition of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force, held at St John's Cathedral Hall. Right: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, inspecting photographs of old Volunteers with Col. L. T. Ride, Commandant of the Force, and Major J. C. M. Graham, who organised the exhibition. (Staff Photographer)



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DAVID WRIGHT, of the 12th Kowloon Troop, Boy Scouts, showing old stamps to prospective customers at the Troop's Whitsun Fair, held at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

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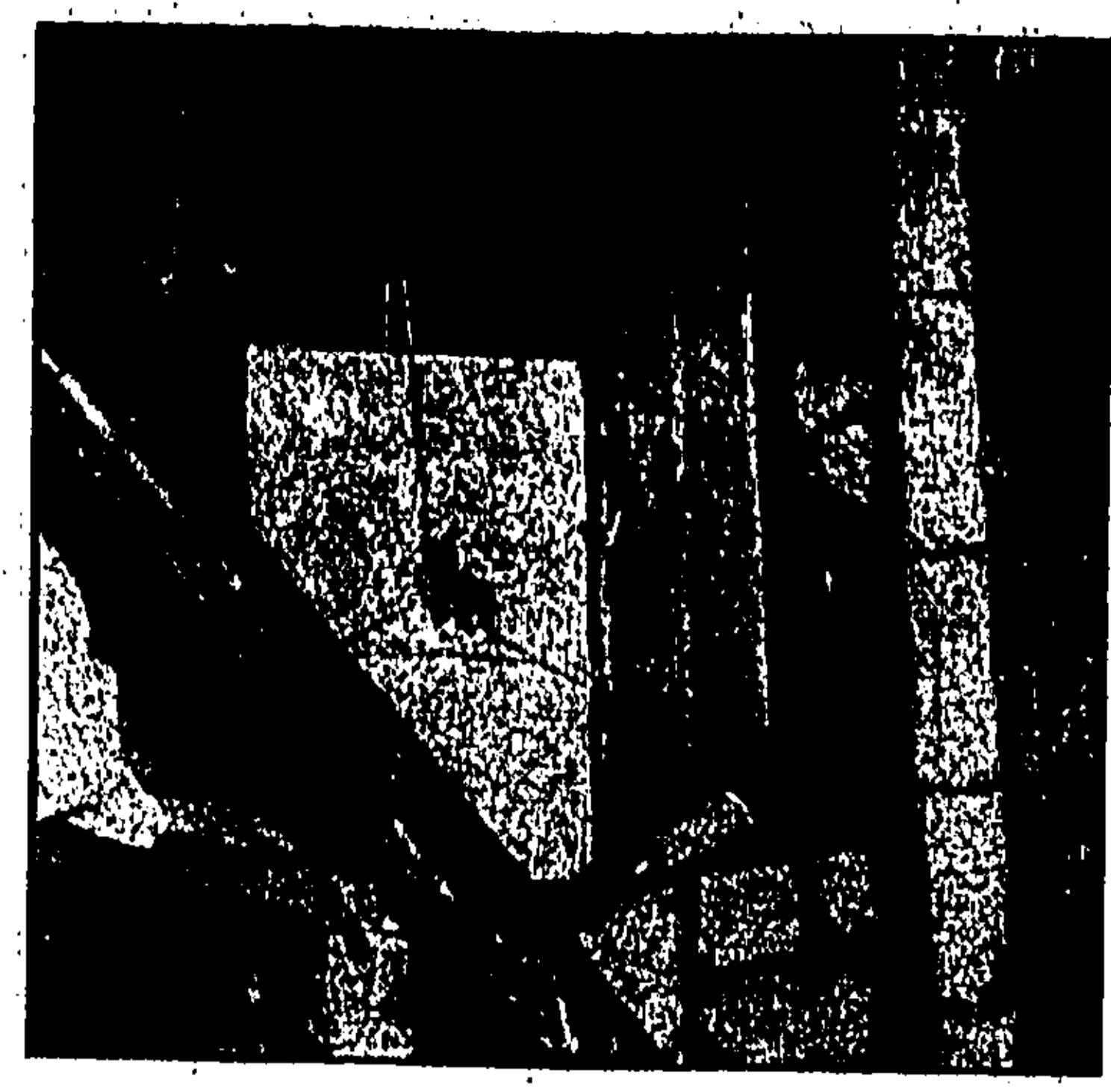
See them at  
**GILMANS**  
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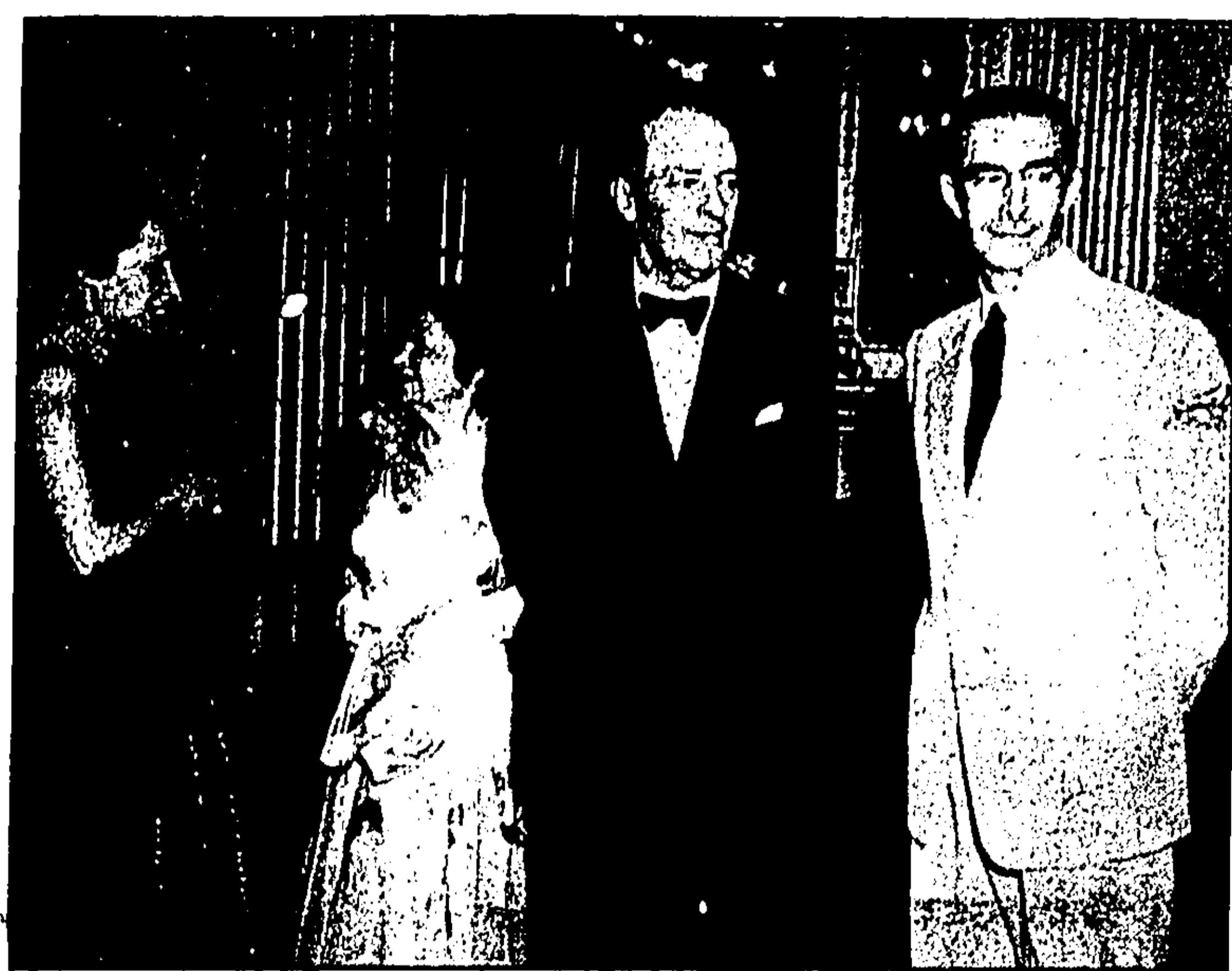
MRS R. B. Black, wife of the Colonial Secretary, who opened the Community Handicraft Fair at the Hongkong Hotel on Wednesday, inspecting the exhibits with Mrs R. T. Eng and Mr Lee Man-keo. (Staff Photographer)



MR William Holden, the Hollywood screen star, entertained to lunch at the Parisian Grill by local film executives. On Mr Holden's left are Mrs Harry Odell and Mr Chang Kwai-lin. (Staff Photographer)



MR Lam Chi-fung, Chairman of the United Hongkong Christian Baptist Church Association, laying the foundation stone of the new Aberdeen Baptist Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham conversing with the Consul for Portugal and Senhor Guilherme de Castilho at the Portuguese National Day reception held at the Club Lusitano on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



CANDIDATES presented for Confirmation by the Bishop of Hongkong at Christ Church last Sunday. From left: Raymond Yap, Patricia Harding, Ann Kennedy, Anna Sargent, Brian Kennedy. (Staff Photographer)



MRS M. W. Turner, wife of the Chairman of the Victoria Recreation Club, presenting prizes at the conclusion of last Saturday's regatta which marked the opening of the new clubhouse at Deep Water Bay. Receiving a prize is Mr D. P. Smith. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Members of the Hongkong Art Club who attended a social held in the studio of Mr Lee Byng, who is standing second from right in the back row. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Picture taken after the christening at St John's Cathedral of Elizabeth Joan, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs E. J. Spradbery. (Ming Yuen)

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MR Manuel Maria d'Oliveira Sárrazola and his bride, formerly Miss Georgina Agnes da Luz, leaving the Rotary Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



MR Luis Carlos de Oliveira, Attaché of the Brazilian Consulate-General, and Miss Thelma Natalie de Oliveira Sales, whose wedding took place at St Teresa's Church last week. (Staff Photographer)

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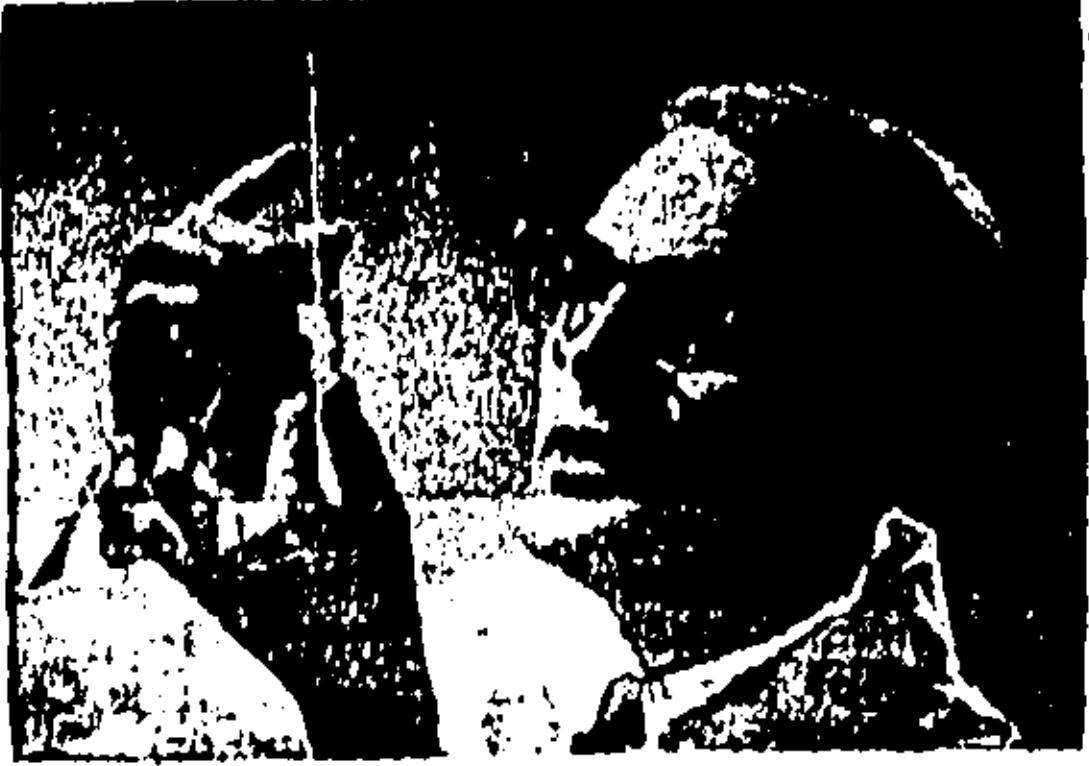
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New Colgate Dental Cream is the greatest scientific achievement in toothpaste history—the only toothpaste in the world with clinical proof that brings new hope to millions for Lifetime Protection against tooth decay!

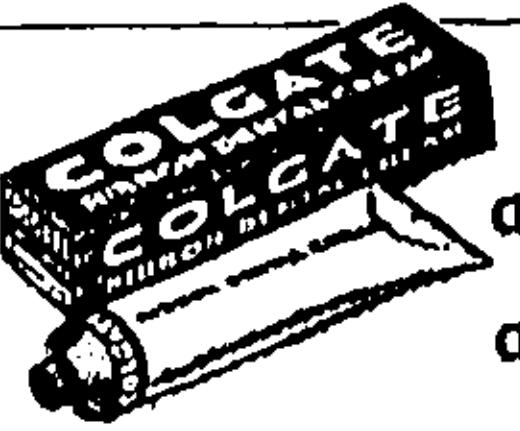
For only New Colgate's contains Colgate's new miracle ingredient, Gardol (Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate). Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. So, New Colgate Dental Cream—used just morning and

night—guards against tooth decay every minute of the day and night!

Actual use, by hundreds of people, showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay ever reported in toothpaste history—proved that most people should now have far fewer cavities than ever before!

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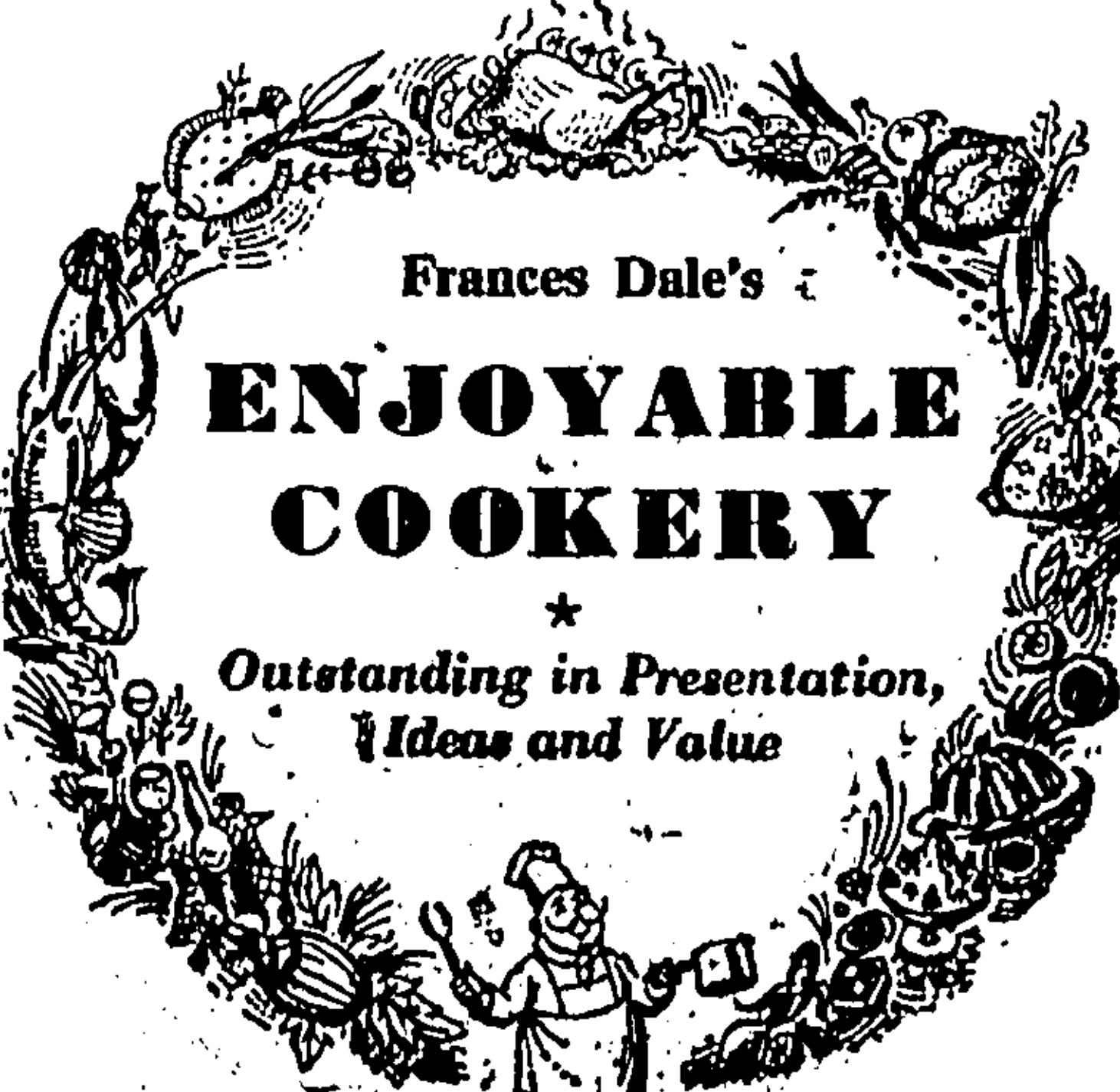
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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

## Do It Yourself — Safely

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

As a hobby, an expression of creative urge, and a means of having a better home, the home workshop is a growing phenomenon in modern life. Power tools have added hazards, and so the new watchword is safety.

The first requirement is proper space, good lighting (both day and night), and good order. Littered floors, with wood scraps or metal chips, and oil on the floor favour slipping. Metal chips or curls may cut through shoes. Storing materials, especially in overhead racks, should always be done carefully with danger of falling in mind. Tools should be hung securely, and not where they can fall on hands—or feet. Careless accumulation of tools on bench or table while working may result in foot injuries from tools dislodged by accident.

Jobs which require that material be held still should be done properly with vice or clamps, not merely by bracing or holding the work insecurely, thus favouring a tool slip or similar accident. Tools should be used for the purposes for which they were made, not only to protect the tool, but to safeguard the worker. Broken tools or those with loose handles or parts should be repaired. Hands and tools should be clean and free from oil or grease.

### Follow Instructions

Wear goggles when using any grinding tools, even if the tool is shielded; goggles when using a lathe are a good idea, too, since flying chips of any description can injure eyes.

When "cleaning up" bench or floor, use a brush—never the hands or a handful of waste, unless you want chips and slivers in your fingers.

Use power tools according to instructions. Where there are guards, it is elementary good sense to use them. A few pertinent suggestions are offered by the National Safety Council in America about starting and stopping such machinery safely, and using it properly. Foot-pedals for starting or stopping machinery should be guarded against being stepped on unintentionally—where there are

starter buttons as well as foot-pedals, use the button only to start, and the foot pedal only to stop the machine. Sudden starts or stops, especially for band saws and jigsaws, may break blades. So may use of cracked saw blades. Material to be saved should be inspected for nails or other metal which might break saw teeth and cause them to fly out and injure the operator. Stopping saws by "braking" against them with blocks of wood is poor practice.

### Watch Your Hands

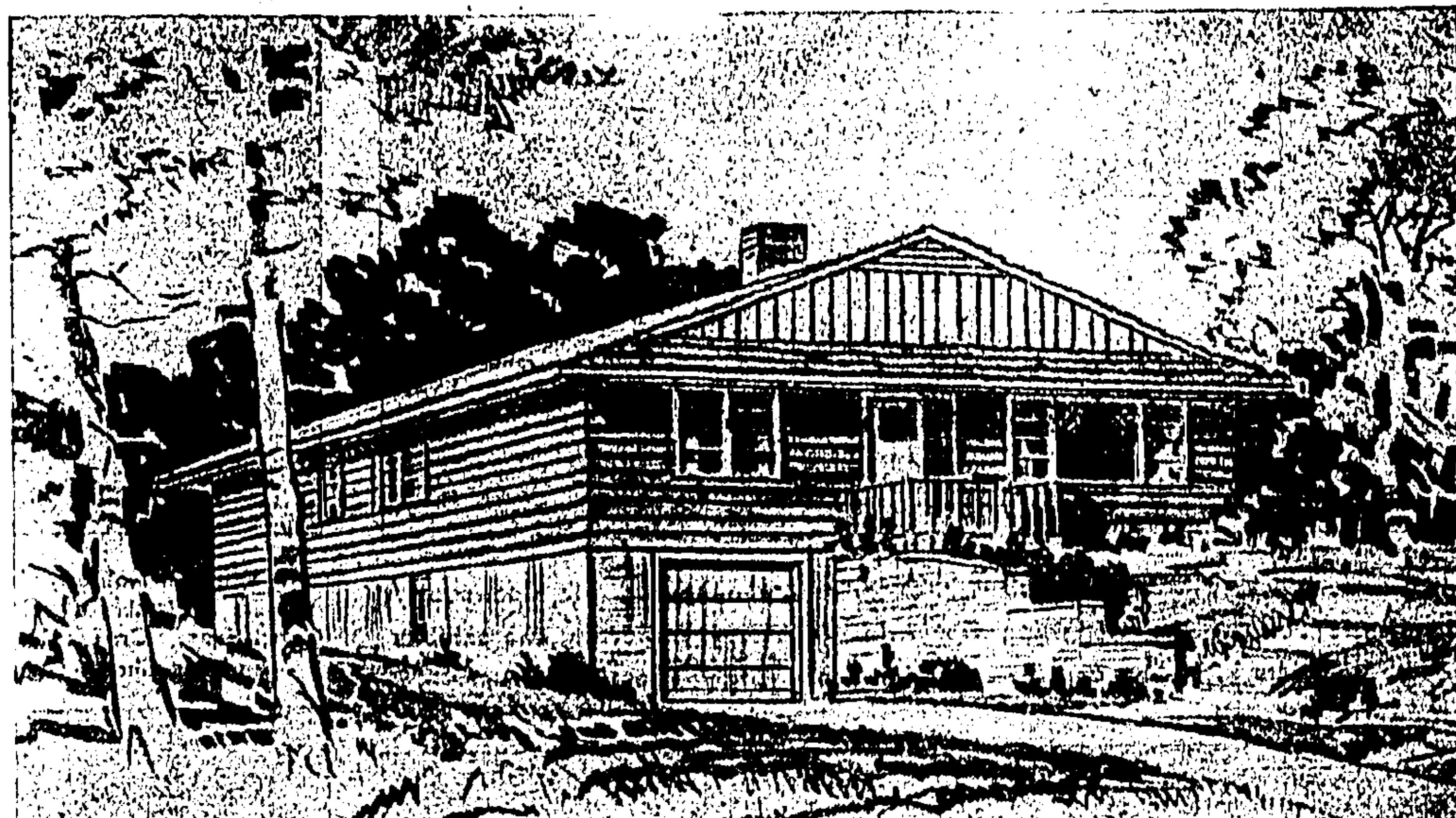
Circular saws are more dangerous than band saws because of the danger of kickbacks. They should be guarded both above and below. Never stand in line with the saw when ripping, in case of kickbacks. A special kickback apron is a good protection against possible abdominal injuries. Keep the hands out of line with the saw. Do not cut extremely short or narrow work with it. Keep a good balance so that if the work "gives" you will not slip into the saw. Do not reach around the saw while it is in motion. Use a pusher stick and not the hands when working on short or narrow material.

If the workshop is in a garage or out-building not heated by central heat, there may be danger of fire in cold weather when oil or other space heaters are used. Chips, shavings, sawdust, or oil accumulations enhance this risk. Oily rags or waste are worst of all—they should be banished, or placed immediately in a tightly covered metal tin. Otherwise, there may be spontaneous combustion. Old paint is a fire hazard, too. Quick-drying paints, paint removers, and some waxes and polishes have solvents which may be flammable or explosive; they should be kept away from open flames. Heed the warnings on the packages.

Electrical wiring should be installed in accordance with building code requirements, properly fused. Extension cords should be at a minimum, and used should be in good condition and out of the way of possible short circuit or other interference.

The money saved, the recreation enjoyed, the products turned out in the home workshop should not be spoiled by needless accidents.

## \* Special Purpose Plans \*



DESIGNED FOR A SLOPING STREET, the Bryant living and sleeping areas are built over a garage, where the land falls away. A retaining wall separates the garage from the high ground at the entrance.

By Joan O'Sullivan

TODAY'S homes are special-purpose plans designed for two different types of plot.

The Gary is planned for the narrow lots frequently encountered in towns and cities where land is at a premium. The entire width of the home is 25 feet, 8 inches. Nevertheless, rooms are spacious and far from small.

### Generous Proportions

The living room occupies 18 feet of the width—generous proportions, indeed. From the front window wall to the dining end of the area, there is over 22 feet.

The kitchen, a comfortably-sized square, isn't big, but it's not small, either. Fourteen feet is taken over with wall cabinets, a broom closet and a breakfast nook. From this room, it's just a step to the dining room, back door, cellar stairs or front entry.

There are three bedrooms—two at the back of the house, one at the side. The master bedroom has a private lavatory and a large wardrobe.

The home comprises 1,220 square feet.

### For A Sloping Street

The other design featured, the Bryant, is ideal for a sloping street. The house sits over a garage where the land falls away. A stone retaining wall separates it from the high ground at the entry.

Sleeping quarters run along the left side of the home. Each of the three bedrooms has a sliding door closet that measures about four feet, nine inches. The master bedroom has two of these.

In addition, storage space can be found in a guest closet, a linen closet and a large family closet in the centre hallway.

The right side of the house contains living and work areas.

Start at the entry and you step into a 24-foot living-dining room. It's the wonderful kind of a room that makes decorating a delight.

### A Small Dining Nook

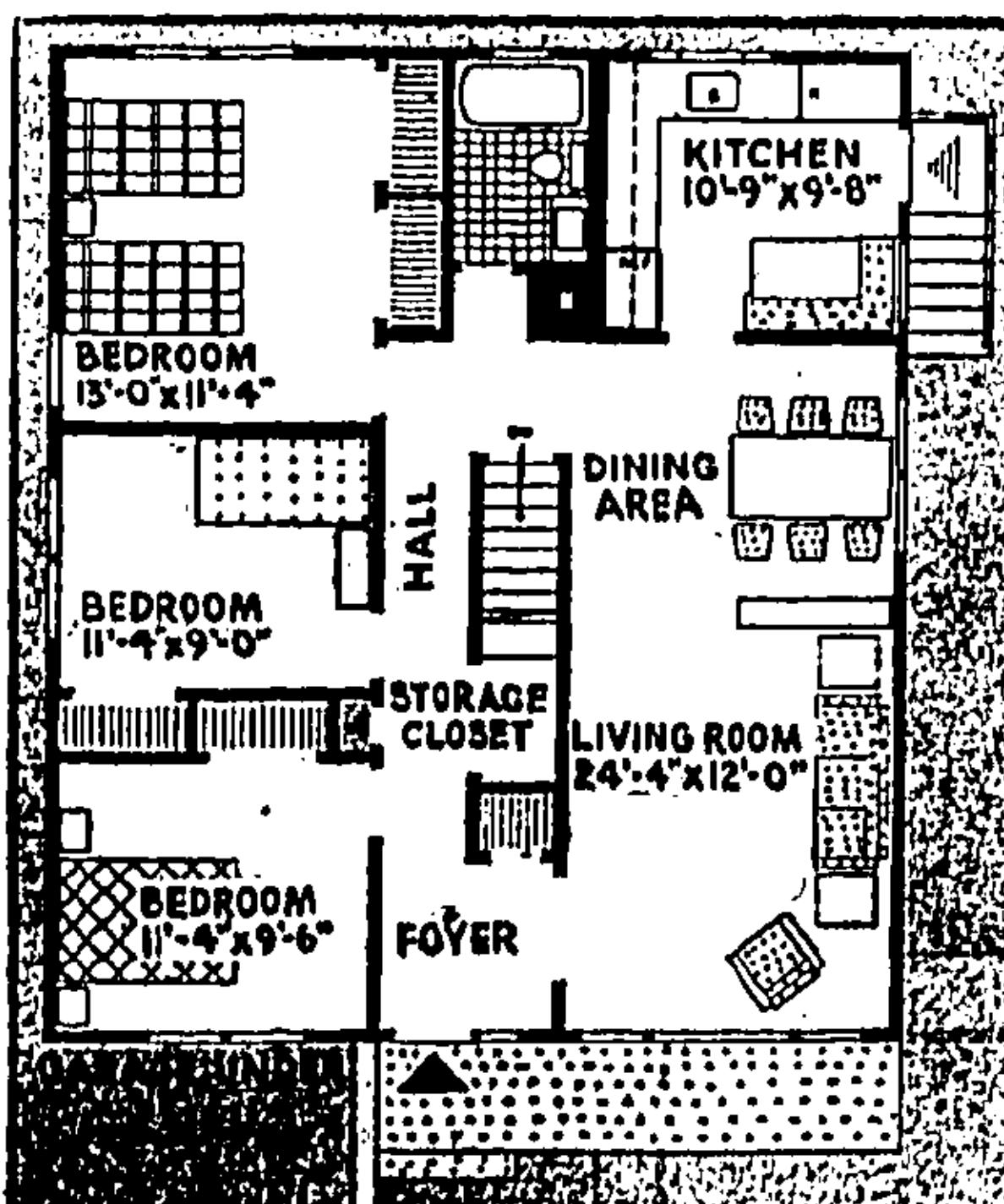
Walk past the dining room and you're in the kitchen, with its small dining nook and rear entry.

The bath is centred, at the back of the house, between sleeping and work sections.

This plan comprises 1,085 square feet.

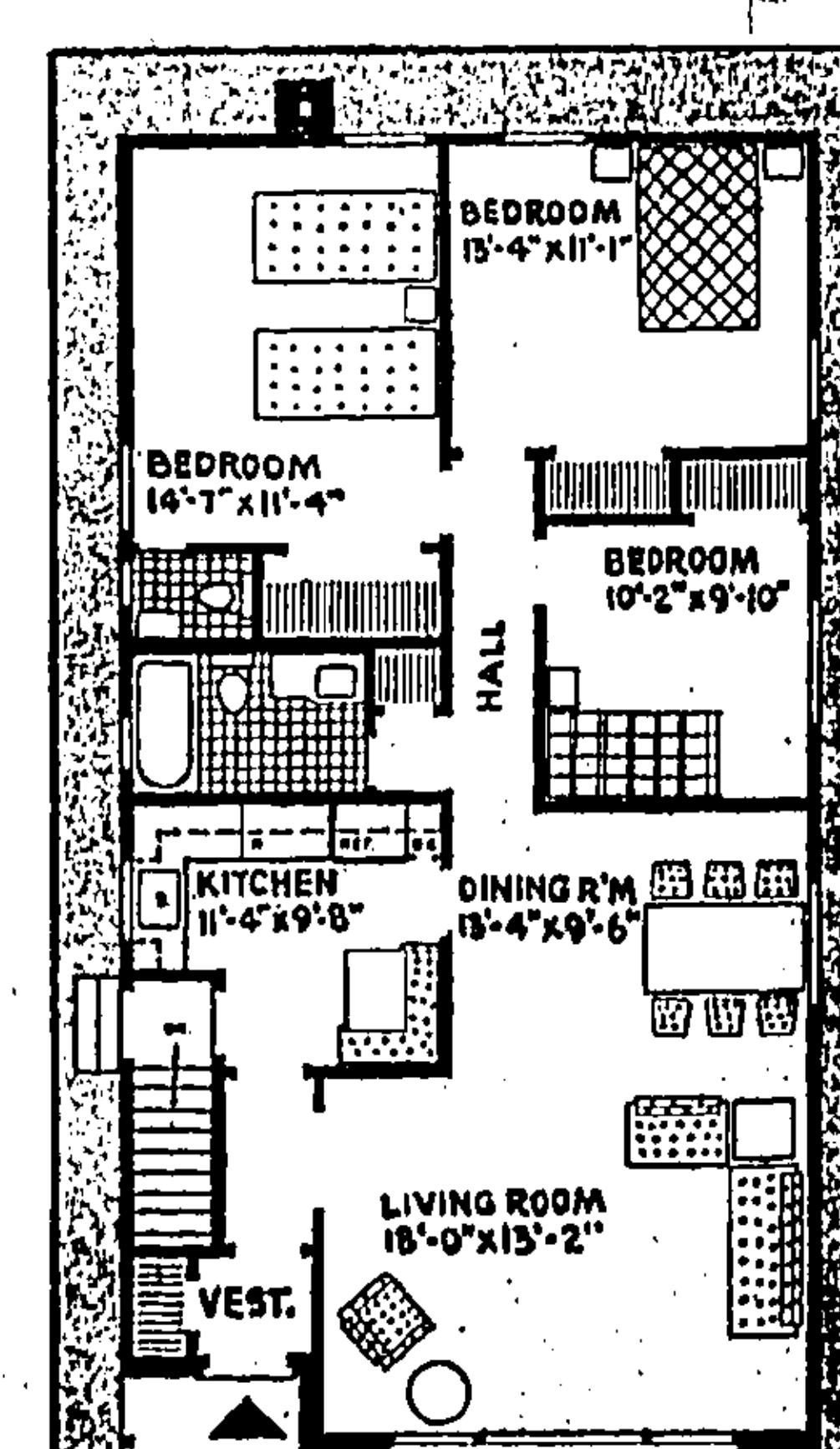


HERE'S A HOME that provides the attractive solution to the problem of building a house on a narrow lot. The Gary's width is just 25 feet, 8 inches. It's a decorative frame house with a sheltered entry.



SLEEPING QUARTERS run along the left side of the Bryant. Living room, dining area and kitchen are on the right side of the house. The kitchen has a dining nook.

DESPITE THE FACT that the Gary is a narrow house, the living area is spacious. It's 18 feet wide and over 22 feet in length, as you can see from the floor plan at right.



## Four Delicious Dinner Courses

By Alice Denhoff

RECIPE starter today is about 5 min. Strain through cheese cloth.

Fish chops cooked with sweet potatoes and pineapple are a really delectable dish.

To serve 6, place 4 tbsp. shortening in a skillet. Add and brown 8 thin pork chops. Season with salt & pepper. Put 3 large sweet potatoes cut in halves, and rub with lemon juice. Add 6 slices of ripe pineapple. Wash and remove pits from 12 large prunes and insert a clove into each prune. Add prunes and pour over one c. pineapple juice. Cook, covered, over low heat, and when steaming, turn to low heat and cook for 45 minutes.

For a good, firm, mouth-watering dinner, cream Marmalade. Bring it to a boil, strain, add 1/2 c. orange juice, and 1/2 c. water. Boil slowly, stirring constantly.

Hardened skin can be softened by adding a few drops of vinegar to the marmalade.

### Household Hints

Strips of bacon placed lengthwise in the bottom of the pan will prevent a meat loaf from sticking and also will add flavour to the meat.

For a good, firm, mouth-watering dinner, cream Marmalade. Bring it to a boil, strain, add 1/2 c. orange juice, and 1/2 c. water. Boil slowly, stirring constantly.

Hardened skin can be softened by adding a few drops of vinegar to the marmalade.

Cultured Pearls

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Opposite the 5th floor  
Hong Kong and Kowloon

Eleanor Ross



ANY MORE FOR THE SKYLARK?

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And now it's Sir Beverley Baxter writing...

## THE PRIME DOODLER AND THE WELSH NAPOLEON

WHEN I read in the newspapers that Mr Attlee and Mr Bevan (each attended by a faithful escort of supporters) were going to visit China together I was reminded that truth can be stronger than fiction.

In fact it now only remains for Senator McCarthy and Secretary Stevens to sing "Dear Old Pals" on American television and a thousand years of amity will be ushered in.

Pondering on the new Attlee-Bevan axis, my mind went back to October 1952 when I went to the Lancashire seaside resort of Morecambe to have a look at the annual conference of the Socialist Party of Great Britain. It is the custom of that party to hold its yearly conference just before Parliament resumes after the long Summer recess. And invariably they choose a seaside resort so that they can advance upon Westminster with ozone in their lungs and hope in their hearts.

At Morecambe the conference proceeded along normal lines until the final day when rumours were flying about in all directions. It was said in the streets and in the market place that at the secret election behind closed doors the Bevanites had made a clean sweep of the vacancies for the National Executive except for one. Jim Griffiths, the faithful, was the only pro-Attlee candidate to make the grade.

### What A Scene!

The next morning crowds surrounded the vast music hall where the final session was to be held in public. With the good nature of British politics, my Socialist opponents let me in and gave me a good seat.

The Socialist Party had had its night of the long knives. Obviously the Bevanites had won the decisive battle. Everyone felt that Attlee could not possibly continue to lead the party, but would either have to resign or go to the House of Lords, as Stanley Baldwin did when he gave up the Premiership and the Leadership of the Conservative Party.

What a scene met our eyes inside the theatre. Bevan sat next to Attlee because they were already members of the Executive. The Chairman then read the names of the winners, together with the total of their votes.

At each result there was wild cheering, although Bevan was wise enough not even to smile. As a man of destiny he had waited for this hour. As a man of destiny he would wrap himself in silent dignity.

And what of the other man who had been king? What of little Clem Attlee as he heard the rattling of the tunbril on the cobble-stones outside? What will he do?

He was doodling—as always. Nigger heads are a favourite

profile, full-face ears, noses, spectacles, bald heads. When he comes to doodling he has almost no limitation. In the House of Commons he puts his hand upon the table and his head gradually disappears behind his knees. Then he doodles

But at Morecambe the tables were turned. It had been arranged on the agenda that when the names of the victorious delegates had been announced Mr Attlee as the Party Leader would make his annual address.

"What would he say?" How

would he begin? He was in the position of a man sentenced to death who has to congratulate the jury on their judgment.

There was one thing certain.

Not even the Prime Doodler of Great Britain could ignore the verdict of the delegates.

### Magnificent

With something like awe I waited for his words. And with something like awe after this long lapse of time I put on record that his opening sentence was "We live on an island with a population of fifty millions and almost no natural resources except coal and agriculture."

It was magnificent. Marie Antoinette's "Give them cake" was nothing compared to Attlee's magnificient disregard for the clamorous victory of the Bevanites. Nor did he in his entire speech make any mention whatsoever of Bevan or any of his followers.

I went back to my hotel and sent a hurried impression of it all to the London Evening Standard. Perhaps you will bear with me if I make a brief quotation from it:

### His Leadership

"Mr Attlee is on the spot. He failed to destroy his enemies and he failed to come to terms with them. It is a last desperate attempt to save himself he now shakes hands with Bevan. It would deceive no one."

"As I walked to my hotel after the meeting the tide was out...far out. Half a dozen sailing boats were lying helplessly on their sides for there was no water on which to float. And I thought of the Socialist Leader marooned on the beach waiting for the tide that will never return." The article was headed:

### ONLY ONE PLACE FOR ATTLEE NOW—THE LORDS.

### Astonishing

Now let us come to 1954. It is Spring. The trees are in blossom and the red-breasted robins are busy nesting. For some time there had been an uneasy truce between Attlee and Bevan. In fact when Churchill opened the famous Atomic Debate, Bevan sat beside Attlee on the Socialist Front Bench as if to prove (1) that they were brothers and (2) to establish the membership to the Socialist Church.

And what of the other man who had been king? What of little Clem Attlee as he heard the rattling of the tunbril on the cobble-stones outside? What will he do?

After an admirable opening speech Attlee listened to Churchill's reply and then sank back and proceeded to doodle.

The effect was rather similar to Attlee's first speech. It is like the setting sun having over a decapitated body. In fact it was the first sign of unity ever achieved by Attlee and Bevan.

But the effect of Steyner was far greater. A few days later Mr Attlee as Opposition Leader, gave a statesmanlike but quibbling speech to Churchill's plan for rearming Germany. As usual Attlee was refusing to introduce party policies into a matter of national security.

He tells us that in 1921 he

went on a European tour with Steyner and his sister. They met a friend named Millar who, unexpectedly, brought his sister along with him. Mr Attlee confesses that on the holiday he undoubtedly spent more time with Miss Millar than with her brother. So we come to the pulsating moment of decision.

"A week or two after our return," writes Attlee, "I asked Miss Millar to go to a football match with me. When the day came the ground was too hard for football and we went to Richmond Park instead. During the afternoon I proposed and had the good fortune to be accepted."

This was something new. This was maturing in full view. The Prime Doodler put away his pencil and called a party meeting for next morning.

### Far Too Shy

That was romance, that was love. At any rate it proves that true love can exist even in a cold climate—or perhaps especially in a cold climate.

What of his time at Oxford University? "I attended the Union Debates," he writes, "but I was far too shy to take part in them."

Over and over again there is that recurring motif "I was too shy." Yet in his heart there was a sincerity that drove him on although he wanted none of the prizes of public life.

His family were sound middle-class people who were comfortably off. The tendency of the various branches of the Attlee breed were for the boys to become solicitors and the girls to become missionaries.

Undoubtedly there was a strong puritanical background and a deep desire to help the poor and the unprivileged.

After Oxford, Attlee went into the East End of London and helped to organise clubs for boys. He was uneasy even with them, but at least he was learning to speak without being overcome by shyness. In gratitude he was eventually elected the youngest mayor in its history for the poverty-stricken Borough of Stepney.

Incidentally, he was in the East End when the famous Sidney Street siege took place. A young chap in a top hat named Winston Churchill watched the battle in the capacity of Home Secretary. A few yards away was the almost unknown welfare worker named Clem Attlee.

Even history's prophetic pen might have visualised before predicting that these young fellows would eventually be Prime Minister and Deputy Prime Minister in the battle to save civilisation.

But first there came the challenge of the 1914 war. Churchill was First Lord of the Admiralty. Attlee was recruited for the Army more than once, but worried the recruiting sergeants until they took him.

Once more the threads of fate are joined. In the disaster of Churchill's Gallipoli plan,

## Shadow Behind Olivier

By JOHN BRUCE

LONDON. Sir Laurence Olivier today sees a formidable rival emerging: Michael Redgrave, the one-time schoolteacher and ordinary seaman.

Olivier is ending the run of "The Sleeping Prince" though it still draws the public. A film comes next. Then he follows Redgrave to Stratford—for some serious acting.

None too soon. The Redgrave has not enhanced Olivier's reputation, except as a devoted husband. Meanwhile Redgrave has been gaining on him. I imagine that his earnings are almost as high now as Olivier's. For three weeks' work in "The Sea Shall Not Have Them" he was paid £7,500, he told me. He also gave me the figures of his normal earnings: in England £25,000, a picture plus a percentage of takings; in Hollywood £25,000 dollars (£42,000) a film.

Now Redgrave challenges Olivier on his own ground. He will star in his own play "Antony and Cleopatra." He will also be the associate producer, the director and the script writer.

No other actor has attempted anything so ambitious since Olivier played "Henry V" and "Hamlet."

Today Redgrave's star is high. He is an ambitious man. His critical success at Stratford and in such West End plays as "Winter's Journey" is backed by solid commercial success in films. Today he is making simultaneously two films.

Olivier's last film, "The Bougaris Opera," was something of a flop, artistically and commercially.

### The Score

What is the score to date? I count Redgrave's "Hamlet" at the Old Vic superior to Olivier's film "Hamlet."

Many, too, would say that Redgrave's "Antony" won on points over Olivier's.

What is it, then, that keeps Redgrave's progress in check?

Olivier is theatrical royalty. Redgrave does not capture the public's imagination as Olivier does. He writes seriously on his art in highbrow reviews, publishes a book on acting, writes plays, encourages over-demonstrative admirers and has the introspective demeanour of a man who can't stop playing Hamlet. The public are suspicious of the intellectual actor, which is what Redgrave has been labelled.

He is annoyed by this label. "I know," he says, "that my obituaries will describe me as a man who acted with his mind. That is all nonsense. If I have got where I am just through using brains then I must be very clever indeed and unique among actors."

"I am a star. And though there are many good intellectual actors, I can't think of any star performers who have done as well as I have. It can't be done that way. I am an actor who can act at the drop of a hat. You just have to ask and I can laugh or cry."

"Of course," he says, "I'm an intellectual. And I'm an actor. But I'm not an intellectual actor."

So now you know.

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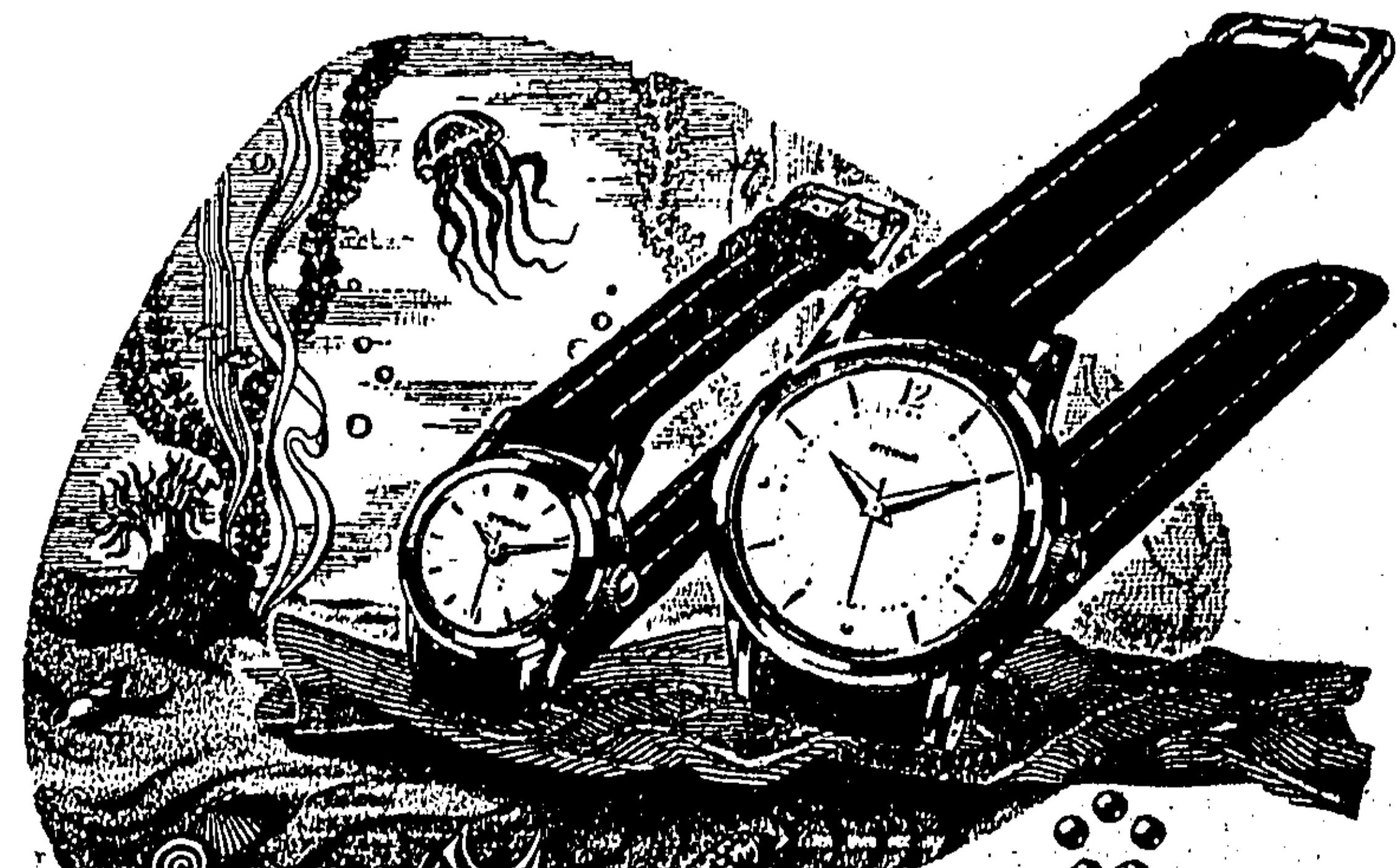
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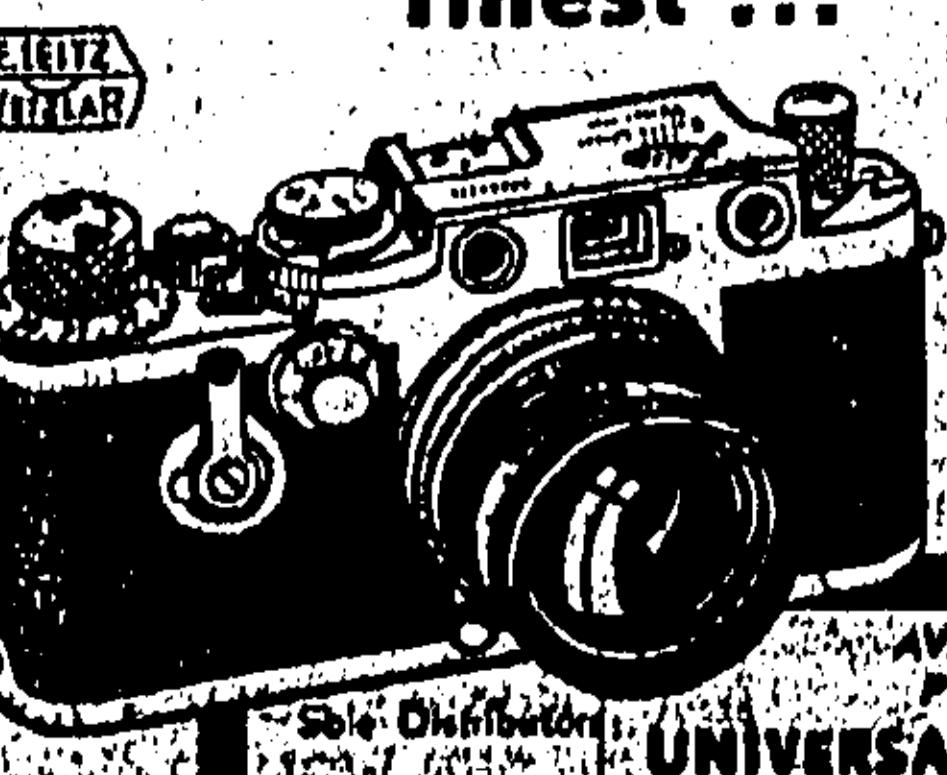
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## ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

## Rarely Has There Been A More Cheerless Opening To The Cricket Season

It is not surprising that the uninviting conditions with drizzling rain and biting winds are reflected in the attendances at county matches. I have heard it said that there has not been a worse year from the financial viewpoint within living memory. This is a blow to Pakistan, visiting England for the first time. They have had to play on wet wickets to which they are not accustomed. And they have often played in front of meagre crowds. In fact at Leicester over three days there was a total attendance, including members, of only 1,100 with takings under £300. The Pakistanis started off the tour at Worcester in fine weather with a "gate" of £700 but since then they have been unluckier.

At Lord's in their first major match against England, on June 1, the weather was fine but the crowd of a little less than 20,000 was yards. Actually in view of the weather the attendance was surprisingly large but it was still short of what might have been expected.

Yet there is a ray of sunshine for our soiree pressed visitors who are putting up a fine show in the face of difficulties—advance bookings at Lord's for the first Test Match were £1,000 better than at a comparable period in the Test with India in 1952. Pakistan who were awarded a financial grant from their Government for the tour are assured of a share of at least £4,000 from the Lord's Test.

Bookings for the second Test at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, are causing worry but if Pakistan put up a good show in the first Test as I am sure they will the public here will be go to sit up and take notice.

Already the team has won a reputation for attractive batting, with Maqsood Ahmed the star. And England has even

titles. Fazal Mahmood is growing larger to the enthusiastic efforts of Englishmen in West Indies than in the Dominions.

Boris Karloff, the famous film actor, called in to see me during Surrey's match with Sussex recently. He is back in England from Hollywood making films for television in America and he was telling me they are now half a dozen cricket teams in California.

The late Sir Archibald Smith, who played for England and Sussex and much for cricket in Hollywood, he came in about 1930, Boris told me "when our fields were like ploughed land. He soon altered all that."

Karloff is a great fan and it was a happy coincidence that he saw a thrilling finish—with Surrey winning off the third ball of the last over. Jim Laker made the winning hit.

The boys in the dressing-room patted Karloff's leg. One said to the master of horror films "Go away, you scared the life out of me when I was a kid." But Boris had the last word. Asked what he was doing that evening he said: "Oh, just digging up a couple of graves."

He often has unexpected visitors from all parts of the world. That is part of cricket's charm. It should make us more international.

One from overseas who could hardly be called a friend of Essex is Bruce Daland, the Australian bowler now with Nottinghamshire. Against Essex he took 16 wickets. He is easily the winning success of the summer so far. There is no doubt he would make the England side if he had English birth.

## DIDN'T FALL



Grey Mist, ridden by Gabrielle Dare in the Children's Open jumping competition, seems to have caught its legs in the centre of one of the jumps, but she did not fall. The picture was taken at the Royal Windsor Horse Show held in the Home Park.—Central Press Photo.

## Don't Be Afraid Of Wedge Shots, But Don't Expect Miracles

Says BERNARD HUNT

I have found that the wedge is either top favourite in the handicap golfer's bag or it is the bogey club which is always carried for effect but never used. In other words the chaps who have taken the trouble to get the hang of it find it invaluable; and the chaps who haven't are just scared of it.

But there is nothing to be scared of. It is an excellent club if used for the purpose for which it is designed. The trouble I have found with too many people is that they expect miracles from it. They expect to be able to bang the ball up to the pin, and make it stop, from all kinds of distances.

Expert wedge players like Bobby Locke or Charlie Ward may be able to do long distance trick shots with it; but I am quite sure ordinary folk can't. In any case, if you watch carefully, you won't see the master men trying many "trick" shots either.

If you do address the ball with your hands well ahead of the ball—and club head—and strike firmly down and through the ball to take a divot after impact you will find that the club will get the ball up all right and you will be able to command back spin on the ball. The club is designed for just that purpose.

So don't be afraid of it. Get out there and try it out. Remember to maintain a firm but not rigid grip, keep those hands ahead, get down and through the ball crisply, and let the club do the work it is designed to do. Your professional can put you right in half an hour. Try it.

### MERSEYSIDE MOTOR RACING BID

Present indications are that Liverpool will soon emerge as a major European motor racing centre. Nearing completion is the new three-mile track at Aintree on which the first International meeting was held on May 29.

Experts claim that this will be the best equipped track in Britain, if not in Europe. Based on the Ministry of Transport designs for Class 1 roads, the course's long straights and slight gradients will permit maximum speeds of at least 150 m.p.h. Top speeds there will probably be faster than any yet achieved in Britain.

It's contours follow closely the route taken by the Grand National Course, with accommodation for 200,000 spectators already laid on. The start, finish and progress of the races throughout will be seen in comfort from the racecourse stands.

There is a pedestrian tunnel under the track and the latest safety measures, which include concrete retaining walls and crash barriers.

In addition to two top-class international road race meetings after the close of the hurdling season, it is planned to have either one or two main international meetings here during the season. The May event has already been officially placed on the international calendar.

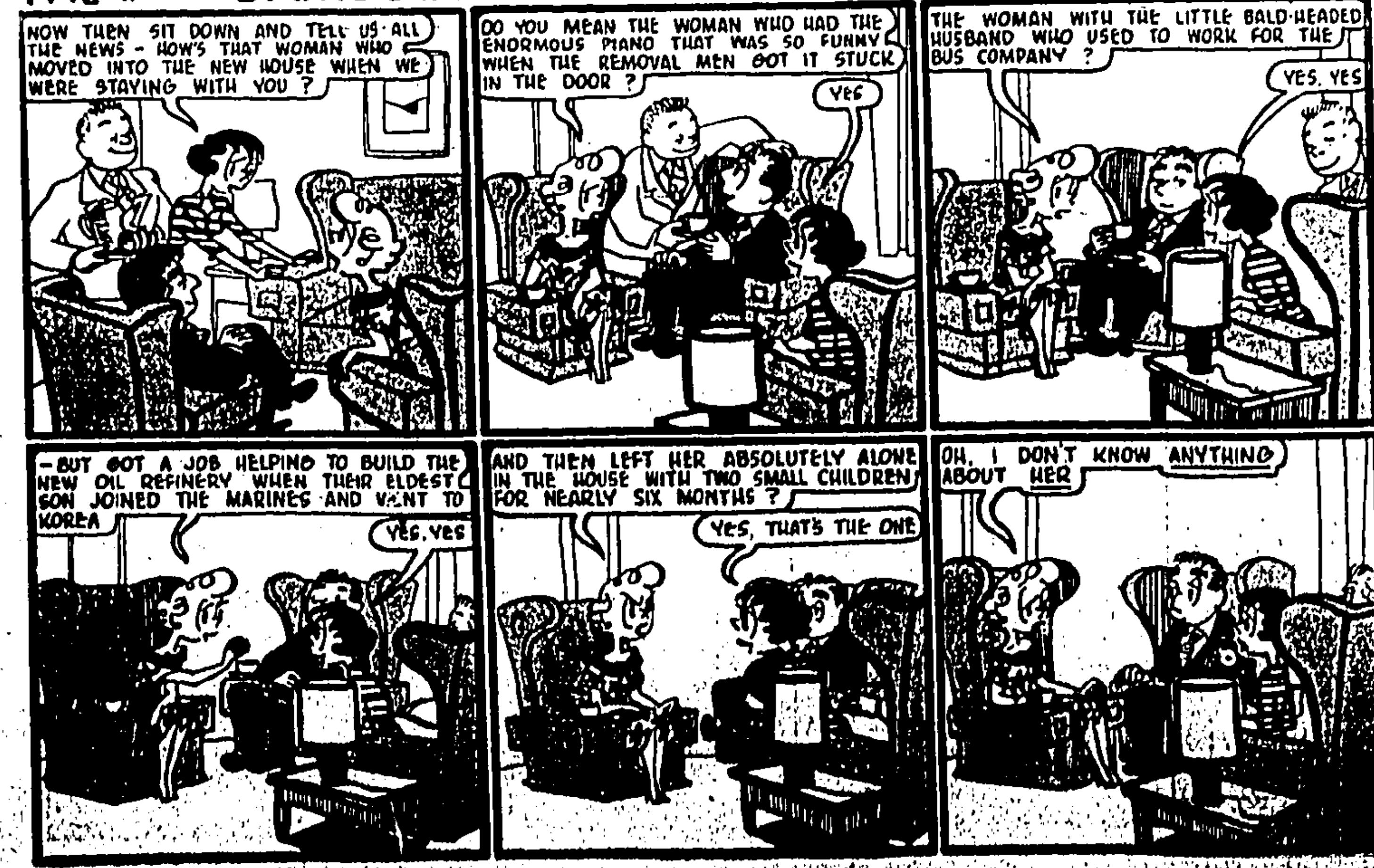
## VALERIE PIPPED



Miss H. Slemon winning the Ladies' 80 Yards race from Mrs Valerie Winn, the WAAA Champion at this distance, during the Sward Trophy Meeting at Chelwick. The winning time was 2 minutes 19.1 seconds.—Central Press Photo.

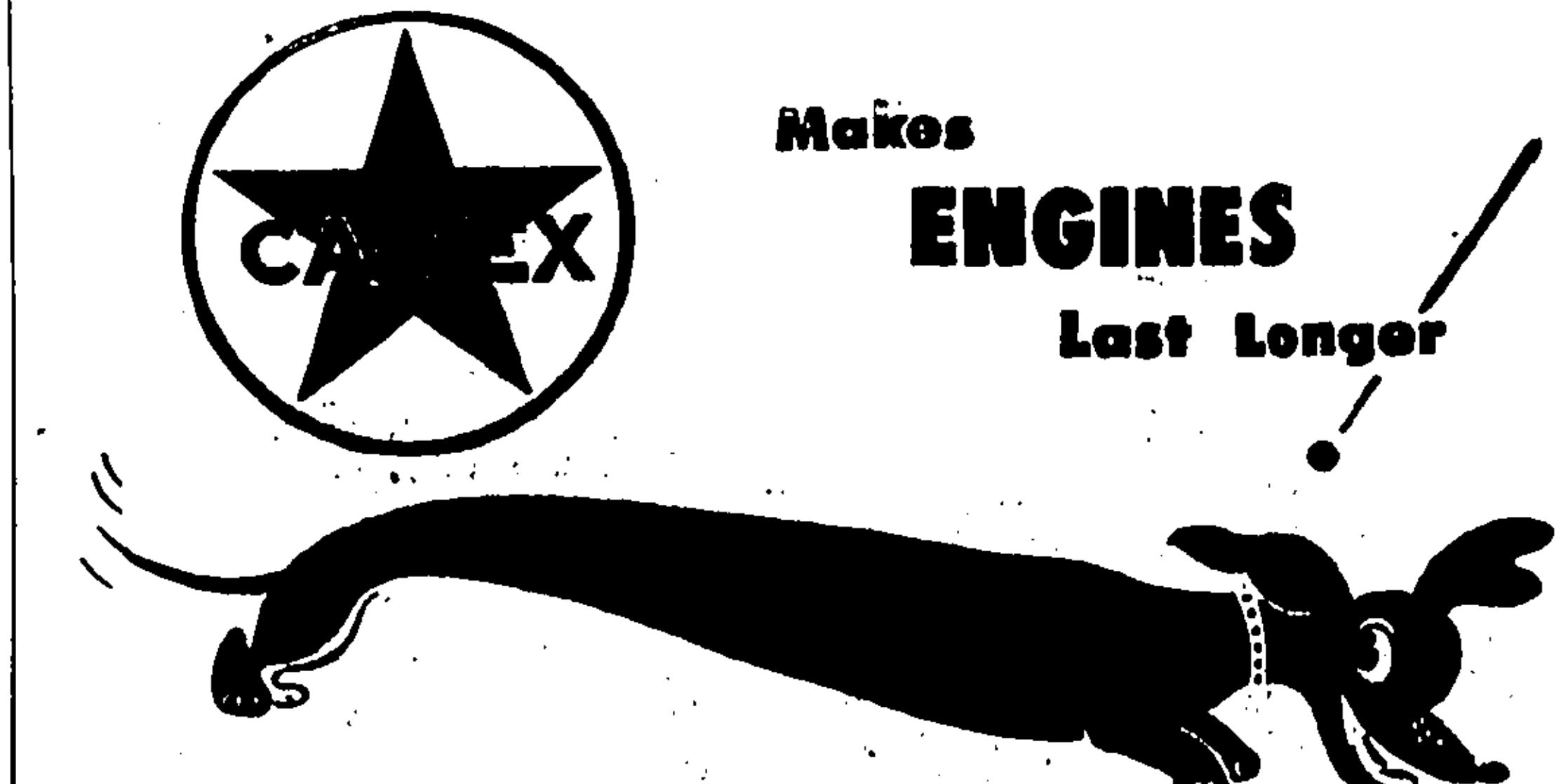
## THE WEEKEND GAMBOLES . . .

By Barry Appleby



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 "CALCHAS" Dublin & Liverpool 23rd July 24th July

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 G. "PELEUS" Sailed 13th June  
 S. "AGAPENOR" do 22nd June  
 G. "CALCHAS" do 26th June  
 S. "ADRASTUM" do 8th July  
 G. "PATROCULUS" 12th June 13th July  
 S. "BELLEROPHON" 17th June 22nd July  
 G. "ALCINOUS" 24th June 29th July

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## the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

BOYS AND GIRLS... UNMASK THIS—

### MAN from MARS



tells you. "Look, you can see our tanks and planes and soldiers. As you know, we are a warlike people."

Now he wants you to buy the photograph. But you do not fall for his trick.

You have studied the picture which give it away as a fake.

That is the end of the trickster. Now just to see if you found all seven clues check with the solution on Page 20.

To buy it and hang it in Berlin, more than one million citizens of the U.S. paid a subscription. They wanted the bell to be symbolic of the liberty which is the keynote of their country. And they wanted it to mark the frontiers of freedom.

So they sent it to the City Hall in West Berlin and there on October 24, 1950, General Lucius Clay tolled it as a call of hope from the people of the free world to those behind the Iron Curtain.

Five figures on the bell represent five races of mankind passing the torch of freedom. Around the base is an adaptation of President Lincoln's famous and hopeful words: "That this world under God shall have a new birth of freedom." The stamp cost 2d. in London.—J.A.A.

MATERIALS: 10 regular size spools, 1 larger size spool, 1 giant size spool, tempora or enamel paint, cord.

WHAT TO DO: Cut two pieces heavy cord about 12

inches long. Twist these two pieces together and make a large knot at one end. Put three regular size spools on the cord to make one leg of a toy man. Cut two more pieces of cord and repeat these instructions to make the other leg. Gather the four ends of the cords and push them through the largest spool to make the body of the man.

On one cord that comes through the largest spool, string 2 regular sized spools and make a knot in the end for the arm. Do the same on the other side of the body to make another arm.

Use the two remaining cords through the medium sized spool for the head. Knot the end of it.

Paint the body and legs of the spool man as you wish. Put eyes, nose, mouth and ears on the spool which acts as the head.

### GAME WITH WORDS

### Candy Twisters

ALL of us like candy. There are many kinds to buy or make.

The letters in each of the odd-looking words below can be twisted about to spell some common kinds of candy. Try your hand at these twisters.

Some of the long words are divided by dashes to help you. Get each part separately. Then put them together into a single word.

1. Degut
2. Essika
3. Timas
4. Nob nobs
5. Affly
6. Lemaraces
7. Brunta
8. Mug-prods
9. Harrins-walloms
10. Nep-huco
11. Rap-nels
12. Onf-tand
13. Tub-ret-thoces
14. Elif-ressev
15. Tongou
16. Smacer
17. Skercus
18. Fersaw

(Solution on Page 20)

4. Set the tubes on end in a wedge shape.

5. Lay a string on the floor about 5 feet from the wedge. ...Take turns

ROLLING A BALL AT THE TUBES... EACH TIME YOU KNOCK ALL THE TUBES DOWN, MOVE BACK 1 FOOT ON YOUR NEXT TURN... COUNT YOUR POINTS... FIRST TO GET 50 WINS!

STUNG!

## JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Watch for Any Tips;  
They'll Help You

By OSWALD JACOBY

SOUTH got far too high in today's hand and should have been punished for his presumption. East was known to be a rather "stoney" bidder, and South suspected that East was trying to talk him out of the spade suit.

It was perfectly apparent from the bidding that North had a rather poor hand with a single ten spade and not too many clubs. This should have made West's defense very clear.

When the hand was actually played, West woodenly opened the long of hearts. Declared with dummy's ace, declarer won a diamond from his hand. He then took the ace of spades and proceeded to ruff three spades to dummy returning to his own hand each time by ruffing a heart. Thanks to the fact that the trumps broke 7-2, South was still able to draw trumps and cash his last spade trick.

Declarer lost only one diamond and one trump, making his rideficiency high contract.

West should have known from the bidding that South intended to ruff spades in the dummy.

NORTH	9		
♦ A 10			
♥ A 10 6 1 4			
♦ Q 7 5 4			
♣ A 10 6 3			
WEST (0)	FAST		
♦ Q 9 4	♦ K 6 5 2		
♥ K Q 9 5	♥ J 8 7 2		
♦ K 9 2	♦ A 10 6		
♣ A 2	♣ 7 4		
SOUTH			
♦ A 10 7 3			
♥ None			
♦ 8 3			
♣ K Q J 9 8 5			
Both sides vul.			
West	North	East	South
1 ♦	Pass	1 ♠	2 ♣
Pass	2 ♦	3 ♠	4 ♣
Pass	3 ♠	Pass	5 ♣
Pass	5 ♣	Pass	Pass
Opening lead: ♠ K			

Here West should have begun by leading the ace of clubs, followed by another club. Equally important, however, West should have seen that this defense would let South cash, and he should have doubled before leading the ace of trumps.

South would be able to ruff only one spade in the dummy, and would therefore have to give up two spade tricks. He would therefore lose two spades, one diamond, and one trump for a loss of 500 points instead of a gain of 600 points.

At double dummy, the hand can be set three tricks. West opens a diamond, and the defender has two diamond tricks before switching to trumps. This defense causes South to lose two diamonds, two spades, and a trump.

### CARD Sender

Q.—With both sides vulnerable the bidding has been:

South: West: North: East: Pass?

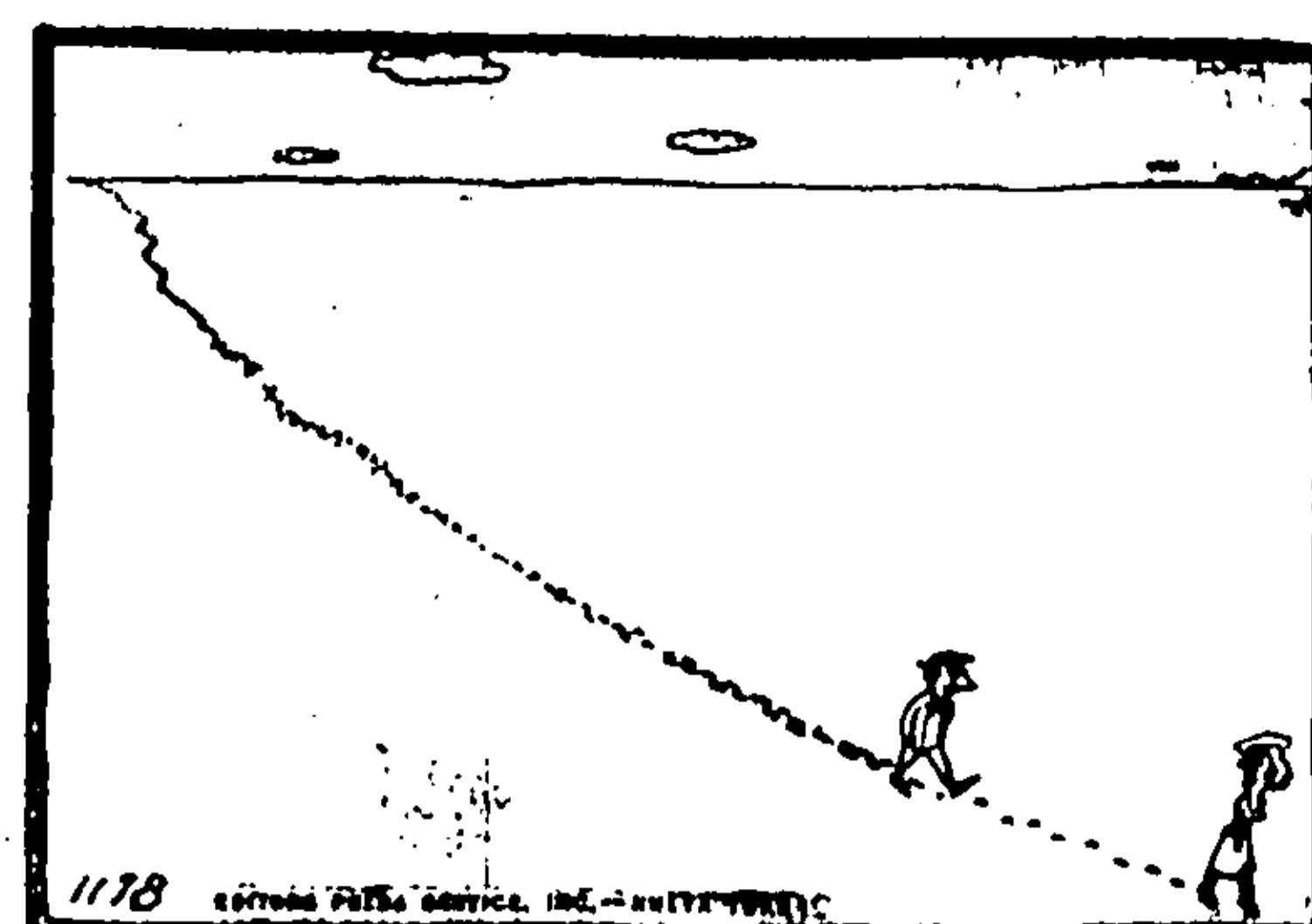
You, South, hold: Spades 9-7-3; Hearts A-J-9; Diamonds A-K-8-3-2; Clubs K-5. What do you do?

A.—Bid two diamonds. You have only 15 points in high cards with only moderate distributional strength. You cannot afford to insist on a game unless your partner can make another move.

### TODAY'S QUESTION

The bidding is the same as in the question just answered. You, South, hold: Spades 9-7-3; Hearts A-J-9; Diamonds A-K-8-3-2; Clubs K-5. What do you do?

Answer on Monday



## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 12

BORN today, you possess a multiplicity of talents. You are active in business and commerce, you are gifted in the arts, especially literature and music, and you are determined to have your own way and succeed at any cost—which you undoubtedly will! You are most frank, reserved and—if the truth must out—more than a little stubborn when your will is crossed! You manage, as a rule, to get your own way eventually. It may take a long time, but you just keep right on trying until you succeed.

Guard against becoming narrow-minded, holding prejudices and beliefs which are unworthy of one of your intellect.

You have strong domestic ties and your own family knows the real you—warm-hearted, loyal, sympathetic and compassionate. You and the two sex are very intuitive. Learn to follow those "hunches" even if you cannot give a good reason for them. You will find that in the end you are always right, if you do.

Among those who born on this date are Anthony Eden, statesman; Sir Oliver Lodge, James Oliver Curwood, Francis Scott Key, Henry Savage, author; and John H. Roehling, creative engineer.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—It will be worth your while to forget your troubles for a couple of days and relax tensions thoroughly.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Perhaps you will be happiest if you take a short trip. A change of scene might do you a lot of good.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you seem to be disengaged, seek spiritual consolation and advice. It can be extremely beneficial.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—The signs are fine for that long-delayed week-end out of town. Enjoy yourself thoroughly.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Attendance at the church of your choice this morning can do you a lot of good just now.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Be cautious if travelling by car on the crowded roads today. Keep an eye out for the other fellow.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20)—Although the stars have given you all the qualifications for a public career, you have a slight tendency to shyness and if you do perform in public will have to learn to conquer stage fright.

Natally home-loving, you will be happiest if you wed early in life and have a family of your own. You have so much energy that you will probably, if a woman, continue your career after marriage.

AMONG those who were born on this date are: Mark Van Doren, May 1; B. Branch, and William Butler Yeats, poets; Bruno Frank, author; Francis Dana, statesman; General Winfield Scott and Frederick W. Root, composer.

To find what the stars have in store for tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 14

GEMINI (May 21-June 21)—Things could go wrong today, so be on your guard against carelessness errors. Be exact in everything.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—If you are planning repairs on your home, this is a good time to instrument them.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—You may be glad to have a good friend today. Exchange confid-

ence and you can release tensions.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be determined to finish a task, no matter how dull it is, with energy and promptness.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Test any rumour for truth before you believe it. Gossip is notoriously unreliable. Don't be fooled by it.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—This will prove to be a very busy week for all your activities, so get your plans made carefully, ahead of time.

AGITATOR (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—It may be difficult to get back into harness at the office again. But there's work to be done, so do it!

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—A problem of some magnitude may present itself for solution. Take plenty of time to think it over.

ARQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—You can increase your earnings and make a definite advance toward your ultimate goal today.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—If you rested well over the week-end, you are ready and eager to get back on the job this morning.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 19)—You may be in line for a promotion and a raise in pay, but don't count on it—until it actually happens.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20)—Keep your wits about you. An important decision may be yours to make. Be smart about it.

A typical succession of words might be: Cora—Cob—Bob—Bob—Roots—Root—Tour—Tour.

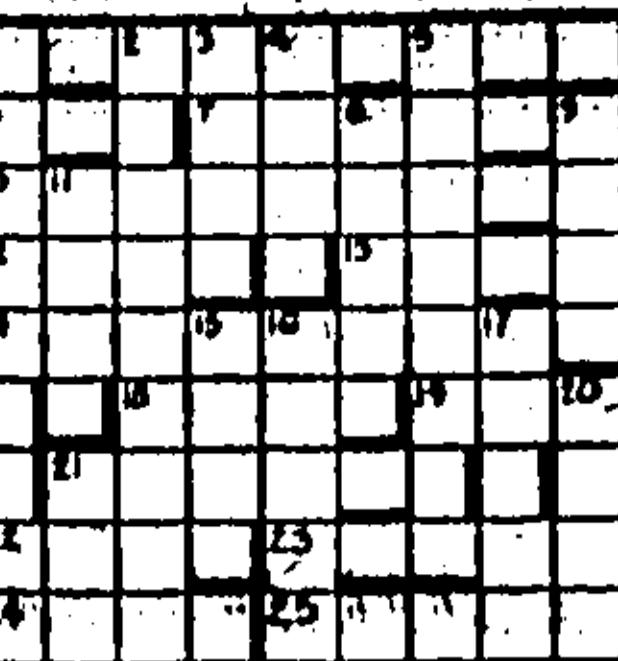
It is may be associated with the preceding word in the edition of a book, play, or other composition.

It is may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in legend.

It is may be associated with

(Solution on Page 24)

## CROSSWORD



Across:

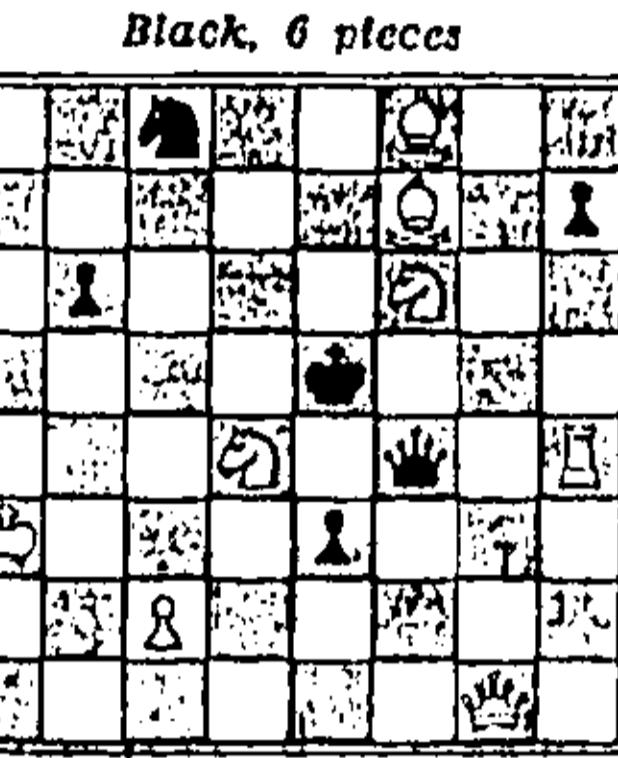
- In this a fiber who wins a big checkmate (6)
- The five South America (8)
- Bank Holiday month (8)
- The kind of relative that Bush is (8)
- Just the thing to make a bottleneck more water-tight (4)
- This does not mean that the pores is incrusted (6, 4)
- Manecon headed one (4)
- Wasn't in the middle of the crate (3)
- Rap back and then rot (10)
- One in the book (4)
- Thick around with hot and cold (8)
- Arish did it well (4)
- You would be put out if someone should say this to you (6)
- Cart it non—with these? (9)
- One of a pretty poor bunch (7)
- Strangely thought in the early stages of war that this idea would hold water. (4)
- Take rush from purchase for a (8)
- A corp youth see down Direct way (10)
- Mid up a drug (6)
- You can dig up the family one (10)
- Oval becomes empty (4)
- Sea candidate (4)
- make down into an island (6)
- Don't do this in a crum (6)
- Don't for dining with rough customers (4)
- Fried batter expert? (3)

Down:

- EVAPORATOR
- VICEDOMAIN
- OVERSWIFT
- LASEADOUT
- UNPOPULAR
- FAILING
- IMPATIENT
- ATTENTION
- NOSEBITS
- WHITE
- BLACK
- 6 pieces

## CHESS PROBLEM

By B. M. BERD  
Black, 6 pieces



White, 8 pieces.  
White to play: mate in two.  
Solution to yesterday's problem:  
1. K1-R3; 1... P-B3, P-Kt2;  
2. R-R8; 1... P-B4; 2... R-R6;  
3. R-R6; 1... R-B3; 2... R-R4;  
1... R-B6; 2... PxR.

## DUMB-BELLS



REMEMBER WE MUST KEEP IT A SECRET!

YES, THAT'S WHAT I'M TELLING EVERYBODY

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EXCELSIOR SYNDICATE

BY B. M. BERD

Black, 6 pieces

White to play: mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. K1-R3; 1... P-B3, P-Kt2;

2. R-R8; 1... P-B4; 2... R-R6;

3. R-R6; 1... R-B3; 2... R-R4;

1... R-B6; 2... PxR.

White to play: mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. K1-R3; 1... P-B3, P-Kt2;

2. R-R8; 1... P-B4; 2... R-R6;

3. R-R6; 1... R-B3; 2... R-R4;

1... R-B6; 2... PxR.

White to play: mate in two.

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White to play: mate in two.

Solution to yesterday's problem:

1. K1-R3; 1... P-B3, P-Kt2;

2. R-R8; 1... P-B4; 2... R-R6;

3. R-R6; 1... R

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# CHINA MAIL

Established 1845

Page 20

SATURDAY, JUNE 12, 1954.



JOHN CLARKE'S  
CASEBOOK

## Two's Company

MOTHERS-IN-LAW are a music-hall joke and are obliged to take what comfort they may from the fact that the British laugh loudest at the people and things they cherish the most.

Fathers-in-law have been let off more lightly than the comedians but they, like their wives, in the years since the war, have had to put up with a good deal of trouble and discomfort by virtue of their office.

With parents-in-law as with parents, a certain amount of anarchic is in these days, an occupational risk. As a father-in-law named Joseph discovered the other day:

### OUT FOR A STROLL

JOSEPH is 74 now, and his few lines sketched in his rosy-pink face insist that though things may not always have gone with him exactly as he would have wished, on the whole, he has found life a splendid lark, and finds it so still.

The other evening, as Joseph took a stroll along Grays Inn Road, he caught sight of his daughter-in-law, who was shuffling wearily along on the other side of the street.

Though she was so much younger than Joseph in years, in other ways, in gait, manner, outlook, she seemed much older, for hope had departed from her early in life.

**TOO TIRED**  
"HEY," Joseph called, and waved his stick. His daughter-in-law, plump, middle-aged, with streaky hair, looked up. The two met.

"And where may you be off to?" Joseph inquired. "Buckingham Palace is it tonight? Or where?"

She was too tired for joking. "The bomb-site," she said, "I'm off to the bomb-site."

Joseph had a bed already booked for himself in a hotel, but the sight of his daughter-in-law, in such evident misery made him put thought of that from his mind.

**STILL THERE**  
"I'LL come with you and keep your company," he said.

She protested, but Joseph was bent on doing his good deed, and presently he settled down near her, with sacks and old newspapers for covering, in the bombed-out building where she at the time was making her home.

A policeman found them near midnight, and told them to move. They did not commit themselves. When the policeman came back half an hour later, Joseph was still there. So was Pearl, his daughter-in-law.

**A BED TONIGHT**  
At the Clerkenwell court, later in the morning, he and his daughter-in-law both pleaded guilty to the charge, and the story was told to Mr. H. F. R. Sturge, the magistrate.

"I've a bed booked for tonight, too, at the hotel," said Joseph, and he was discharged conditionally. His daughter-in-law's case was less simple.

"I been staying in hostels," she said, "but I'm epileptic and when they find that out they won't have you." Epilepsy made things hard for her. So did something else. She had several previous convictions that could not be put down to illness.

She was fined 10s. and given no time in which to pay. The alternative was five days in prison. Ten shillings was far beyond her father-in-law's resources to help her with. It looked as if that night he would be able to claim the hostel bed that he had paid for.

### DARTWORDS SOLUTION

HEART — Burn — Stream — Gulf — Gulp — Pulp — Pull — Tie — Wait — Wait — Many — Zany — Fool — Trick — Quirk — Quick — Smart — Brick — Rick — Dick — Spotted — Sighted — Lighted — Delight — Turkish — Carpet — Knight — Night — French — French — French — French — Arum — Lull — Wilt — Wilf — Power — Cover — Vlinch — Vilch — Bacon — Bacon — Wand — Ward — Ward — Sharpen — Sharpen — Whet — Wheat — Chaff.

Four Teams Beaten: Two Still Going

## Another Climbing Party Fails In The Himalayas

KATHMANDU, June 11.

The 1954 Himalayan climbing season recorded its fourth failure today when a German-Austrian expedition gave up its planned assault on 26,000-foot Mount Rakaposhi and decided to try the 25,858-foot Mount Dastaghil instead.

This left only the Italians and the Argentinians out of a field of six expeditions which set out this spring to beat the remaining unconquered peaks of the Asian range.

The Italians reported yesterday that they were still climbing steadily up the highest of these — 28,250-foot "K-2" — even though they had been deserted by their porters because of bad weather.

The Argentinians said Hillary and Dr McFarlane returned.

The Japanese gave up last week after failing to convince frightened villagers on their target, Mount Minasaka, that they would not disturb the gods. They said they would make a new attempt next year, sending a Buddhist priest in advance to win villagers over.

Lieutenant-Colonel Shewell Styles, leader of the British assault on 21,890-foot Mount Bouia, had got his three-man team to a height of 18,000 feet before blizzards and sleepiness turned them back.

Styles had his clothes stolen on the way down. He and his team-mates, Barrie, Jack Derry and William Wilmer, are leaving for Britain in two days.

The German-Austrian team said they had given up their plans to climb unconquered Mount Rakaposhi after a preliminary survey. "They have been in the area since the middle of May. With six scientists among them, the 13-man unit will now go over to Dastaghil for their special explorations," said today.

The New Zealanders' plans are still not clear, but their leader, Sir Edmund Hillary, conqueror of mighty Everest in 1953, was forced to abandon his party because of injuries and illness. He is on his way back to Kathmandu with Dr James McFarlane, another injured member.

The New Zealanders were attempting the glacial Mount Makalu, which rises in ice-bound gorges to 27,700 feet.

### DISTURB GODS

Unconfirmed reports say they are continuing their reconnaissance while Sir Edmund

## DAVIS CUP RESULTS

### Britain Wins Doubles

London, June 11. Britain kept alive their chance in the third round European Zone Davis Cup match with Belgium when they won the doubles today. Belgium now lead 2-1, with the remaining two singles to be played tomorrow.

In the doubles, Tony Mottram and Geoff Pash beat Philippe Washer and Jackie Brabant 6-4, 12-10, 6-1.

In Paris, France gained a 2-0 lead over India on the opening day of their third round Davis Cup tie.

Robert Haillet beat Ramamathan Krishnan 6-4, 6-4, 8-6 and Paul Remy defeated Naresh Kumar 6-3, 6-4, 6-1.

In Copenhagen, Denmark and Hungary each won one of the singles matches to finish level on the opening day of their third round Davis Cup match.

S. Adam, of Hungary, beat Torben Ulrich, Denmark 3-6, 6-4 and Kurt Nielsen, Denmark, beat Josef Astoth, Hungary, 6-0, 6-4 and 6-4.

In Stockholm, Sweden gained a winning 3-0 lead over Italy.

Their doubles pair, Sven Davidson and Lennart Bergelin beat Gianni Cucelli and Del Bello 4-6, 7-5, 2-6, 6-4, 6-3.

In the Zone semi-final, Sweden will meet the winners of the Britain vs. Belgium match.

### Boys And Girls Solutions

**MAN FROM MARS**  
The picture is a fake because (1) the aviator, real or from the Himalayas; (2) the plane is a biplane with altered wings; (3) the "Marsian" soldiers are British Tommies; (4) the machine with a "spout" is a British tank; (5) Mars is a point up, not down; (6) Mars is at least 40,000 miles away, not 40,000 yards; (7) the Martians, if they exist, do not put up notices in English.

### CANDY TWISTERS

**HIGHEST AWARD**  
Luang Prabang, June 11. The retiring French Supreme Commander, General Henri Navarre, today received the highest military order of Laos from King Sisavang Vong — the Order of a Million Elephants — United Press.

### Well-Known Song Writer Dies

Chicago, June 11. Will Rosister, 87, composer of such song hits as "Darktown Strutters Ball" and "Some of These Days," died last night in a hospital. Rosister had been active as a music publisher until a week ago when he entered the hospital.

Among his own best-known compositions were "Turkey in The Straw," "Id, Love To Live In Loveland," and "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland."

He was credited with originating the practice of song-plugging, and was the first publisher to put fancy covers on sheet music.

Toddy's results:

Miss Maureen Connolly beat Miss H. Fletcher 6-1, 6-3.

Miss D. Hart beat Miss A. Shilcock 6-4, 6-1.

Miss L. Brough and Mrs M. Dupont beat Miss P. Hird and Miss A. Buxton 2-6, 6-4, 7-5.

Raid delayed the start by three and a half hours. In the opening singles, Miss Connolly, the world's number one, took just 30 minutes to dispose of Miss Fletcher, a left-hander.

Miss Hart also won in straight sets against Miss Ann Smilcock, but had to fight for every point in the opening set.

Her steadier all-court game gave her a runaway 6-1 lead in the second set.

The British 19-year-old Miss Angelo Buxton and Miss Pat Hard, playing in their first big international, sprang a surprise by coming near to beating Miss Louise Brough and Mrs Margaret Dupont, former world doubles champions. They led 5-1 in the deciding set, but collapsed sensationally and the Americans won the next six games in a row for the match.

—Reuter.

Paris, June 11. The danger of the Soviet Union or its satellites staging a "Pearl Harbour" surprise attack against Western Europe appears to have passed, Lord Ismay, Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, said today.

Until very recently the Soviet Union and its satellites had stronger military forces than those available to the Western allies stationed where they could launch a lightning attack without warning, he said.

"Now it appears our defences could handle the 30 divisions which the Communists have near the borders," he added.

"That means that in order to stage an attack the Russians would have to bring reinforcements from the Soviet Union — and any such large movement of troops would lose the element of surprise."

Lord Ismay was talking to 42 former American war correspondents visiting Europe ten years after the Normandy landings. —Reuter.

### Bandits Stage More Raids

Tunis, June 11. Increasingly bold Fellagha outlaws staged four raids last night on settlements and farms in North Tunisia. One man was wounded.

One band opened fire on a group of soldiers stationed in a French farm near Sakka. Said Youssef in north-west Tunisia, who were driven off.

A second group, hidden in an olive grove, attacked another farm north-west of Siliana. Local police officers reinforced by troops succeeded in routing them also.

Between Ebba Ksour and Rohia more outlaws opened fire on a car carrying three passengers. The driver was slightly wounded in the left leg. The fourth raid was on a country house 14 miles from here, where a watchman was seized, robbed of his cigarettes and 200 francs and thrown into a river. —Reuter.

### Cricket Results

London, June 11. Result of country cricket matches which ended today were:

At Bradford: Yorkshire-Somerset match drawn. Yorkshire 161, for six, declared (Million, right-arm off-spin five for 52); Somerset 115. (Close, right-arm off-spin four for 38), neither side batted a second time.

At Leicester: Leicestershire-Glamorgan match drawn no decision. Glamorgan 239 for nine declared, Leicestershire 174 for eight.

At Worcester: Worcestershire-Northamptonshire match drawn. Worcestershire 159 for five declared (Kenyon 62, Outshoorn 55); Northamptonshire 155 (Forsyth right-arm fast-medium six for 77). Neither side batted a second time.

At Worthing: Sussex beat Hampshire by 30 runs. Sussex 166 and 91 (Shackleton, right-arm fast-medium six for 34); Hampshire 70 and 143. —Reuter.

## American Women's 3-0 Lead In Wightman Cup

But British Youngsters Spring Surprise

Wimbledon, June 11.

The United States led Britain by three matches to love at the end of the first day's play in the Wightman Cup women's lawn tennis international today.

The match ends tomorrow.

Britain has not won the trophy since 1930. The United States have triumphed 21 times since the competition was instituted in 1923.

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—Reuter.

London, June 11.

The British Foreign Office today denied charges by the Yemen that tribesmen and levies of the Aden Protectorate attacked the village of Souwman, in the Yemen, on May 20.

A spokesman said that on that day a Yemen raiding force crossed the Aden Protectorate frontier from near Souwman and was repulsed by local tribesmen and levies.

"All the fighting took place on the Aden side of the frontier," he added.

There is no truth in the Yemeni allegation of aggression and provocation by Britain against Yemen territory."

He said the Foreign Office had not yet received a report of any incident on June 6, when, according to a Yemen statement issued here yesterday, Aden Protectorate forces attacked the town of Bedia in side Yemeni territory.

According to British officials, Yemeni forces make frequent raids into the Aden Protectorate, and in repelling these attacks, the Protectorate levies sometimes cross the Yemen frontier. But they denied that this happened on May 20.

The Yemen strongly opposed a British sponsored plan for a federation of the sheikhdoms comprising the Protectorate and claimed it is being forced on the sheikhdoms against their will.

The British Government has denied this, and has told the Yemen that since the federation plan is in the Protectorate's economic interest, and has been approved by the local rulers concerned, it will proceed despite Yemeni opposition.

Mr. Kaleel said it was "in the interests of... more industrialised countries that standards of living in the poorer regions of the world should be improved."

Mr. Kaleel said it was "in the interests of... more industrialised countries that standards of living in the poorer regions of the world should be improved."

St. Richard Snedden, British employer delegate, urged the meeting to realise that the presence of eight Communist countries threatened its future.

"The I.L.O. is today approaching the greatest crisis in its existence owing to the participation of eight Iron Curtain countries. It is faced with the threat of disruption, disintegration or at least slow paralysis," —Reuter.

### Power Extended

Washington, June 11. The House of Representatives voted a year's extension today of the President's power to negotiate trade agreements with foreign nations. —Reuter.

He said a check by the Navy late last year showed protective clothing was still needed to enter the area.

An act of Parliament prohibiting shipping from an area 90 miles in diameter centring on Flag Island, one of the islands, is still in force.